

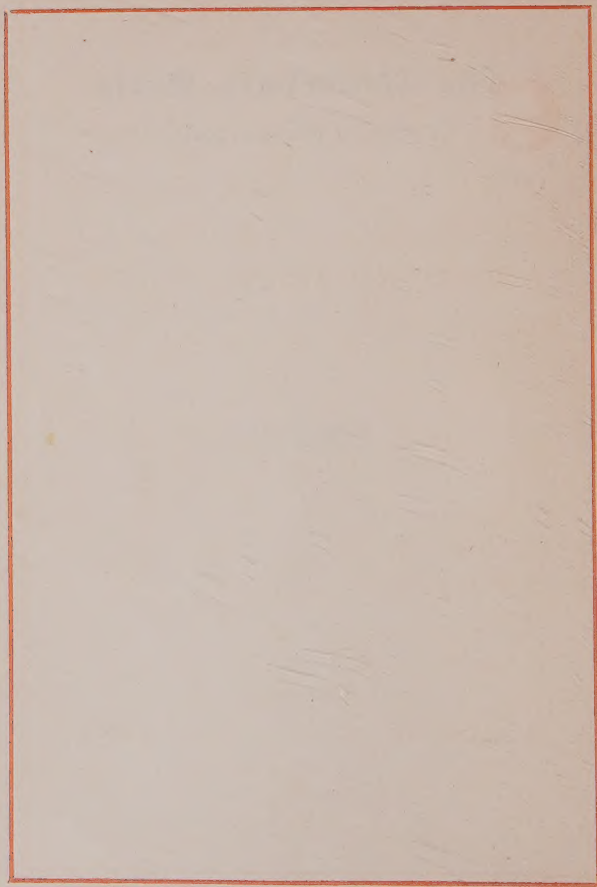
Ernest H. Lute

et

The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

GOETHE.



GOETHE'S "FAUST," WITH
SOME OF THE MINOR
POEMS. EDITED BY ELIZABETH
CRAIGMYLE, AUTHOR OF
"POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS,"
ETC.

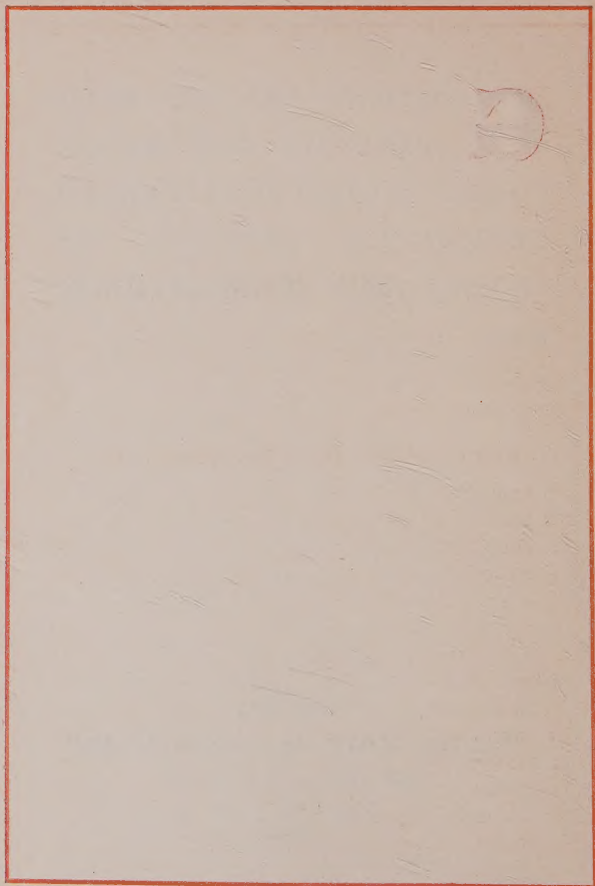
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Introductory Notice.



ARLYLE, in 1840, when delivering his lectures on Hero-worship, told his hearers that his chosen specimen of the hero as literary man would be Goethe—whom he considered to be heroic in all he said and did, a true hero, a light-bringer in every sense of the word. "But," said he, sorrowfully, "at present such is the general state of knowledge about Goethe that it were worse than useless to attempt speaking of him. Speak as I might, Goethe, to the great majority of you, would remain problematic, vague; no impression but a false one could be realised. Him we must leave to future times."

There is a touch of tragedy in the spectacle of Carlyle thus forced to give up his cherished hero, and decline on Johnson and Burns. But in 1840,

Goethe had been only eight years dead. The great figure was still too much in the foreground ; his work had not lain long enough in the seed-field of time. But now that over fifty years have passed, though we may still feel, in the phrase of Arnold's Shakespeare-sonnet, that the great genius even yet leaves but the cloudy borders of his base to the foiled searchings of mortality in general and biographers in particular, the author of "Faust" is recognised as one of the rarest spirits who have ever steered humanity—as truly a *Welt-genius* as Shakespeare himself.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born at Frankfort-am-Main, on the 20th August 1749. His father was an Imperial Councillor—a strange, laconic man, who had been well educated, and desired that his son should be so. The childhood of the great poet was spent much like that of other boys : measles and verse-writing, small-pox and first-love, soldierly aspirations and religious doubts, filled up his adolescence pleasantly and profitably, till in his seventeenth year he was sent to the University of Leipsic, to sow his wild oats and study law.

The former he did more zealously than the latter. Law and logic had little charm for young Goethe, and literature, under the hands of Gellert, scarce more. During lecture-time he sketched caricatures of the professors in his note-book, and

afterwards unbent his mind over private theatricals. Probably, these first directed him towards the production of plays, for among his early writings are "*Die Laune des Verliebten*" (a lover's humour), and "*Die Mitschuldigen*" (comrades in guilt)—sketches which now interest us only as Goethe's first serious attempts at authorship. The earlier was inspired by his love for a vintner's daughter, the Annchen of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. This faithless young lady became betrothed to another, and her blighted admirer quitted Leipsic for ever. He went home in ill-health to Frankfort.

He soon recovered, and as he had left Leipsic without a degree, was sent to Strasburg to study for his licentiate'ship, which he attained in six months. Law he detested as much at Strasburg as at Leipsic, but he threw himself zealously into the study of Anatomy and Chemistry. His old love for the classics was temporarily superseded by a devotion to English Literature, into the study of which he had been led by Herder. Shakespeare and Ossian were his favourite authors. Already the ideas of "Götz" and "Faust" were developing in his brain.

But the epoch-making event of the Strasburg period was, undoubtedly, his affection for the beautiful Frederika Brion of Sesenheim. Of all his attachments—and there are over eighteen on

record—this was probably the one which left most mark on his character. We owe to it some of his most exquisite love-lyrics. But at all times Goethe's passions were strictly subordinated to the paramount necessity of soul-development. His attitude to the fair sex always reminds us of the legendary Frenchman who carefully counted his pulse-beats while beside his beloved, and left her presence and caresses when they rose above the legitimate eighty per minute. Throughout life, Goethe's finger was always on his mental pulse.

No action of his has been more discussed than his conduct in leaving Frederika. But if a young man married is a man that's marred, still more so is a young poet. Goethe's duty to his own genius was undoubtedly higher than that he owed to any woman. They parted—Frederika to live out her lonely life in Sesenheim Parsonage, her lover to find surcease of sorrow in the composition of *Goetz von Berlichingen*.

Goethe now returned to his paternal home. He was admitted as an advocate and citizen of Frankfurt. Nor was he entirely briefless, for there is record of his pleading in at least one case. But literature, not law, was still the true mistress of his affections, and Shakespeare became more than ever his study and delight. We can trace the result of his Shakespeare studies in his first work

of importance, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, published in 1773. It is a series of brilliant historical tableaux, dealing with the life of the sixteenth century, and the Emperor's efforts to put down the robber-nobles. The Sturm-und-Dränger rallied round Goethe, and to a man swore by "Goetz." The play is principally interesting to us from the fact that it was translated by Sir Walter Scott.

"Faust," which had been in his mind in the Strasburg days, was slowly adumbrating itself. He began to write it in 1773, and wrote the First Part at this period. But the Frankfort "Faust," as published in 1790, ends with the scene of Margaret's prayer in the cathedral. It was not for many years that the perfected product of genius saw the light.

At that time it was considered necessary that all young advocates who wished to rise in their profession should for a time practise in connection with the Imperial Chamber at Wetzlar. Thither went Goethe, and there remained from May to September, devoting himself to the weightier matters of the law by solitary walks in the mountains, and constant reading of the Greek poets, specially Pindar. In autumn he returned, greatly benefited, to Frankfort. Short as had been his time at Wetzlar, he had conscientiously improved the shining hour by falling in love with Charlotte

Buff, a charming girl, betrothed to his friend Kestner, whom she afterwards married. Soon after his return to Frankfort he heard that Jerusalem, an unappreciated genius of Wetzlar, had, in consequence of an unhappy attachment for a married lady, shot himself with a pistol borrowed from Kestner. Goethe, who, like Rousseau, had a strong belief in utilising his passions, decided that his own sufferings, plus those of the hapless Jerusalem, would make an excellent novel, and in six weeks wrote *Die Leiden des jungen Werter*, which created a perfect furore of excitement, and spread sentiment and suicide from China to Peru. The plot is very neatly given in the well-known Thackeray lines :—

“ Werter felt a love for Charlotte
Such as words could scarcely utter.
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread-and-butter.
So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by it was troubled.
Charlotte, having seen his body
Carried past her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.”

It is a common, but great mistake, to think that there is nothing but silly sentimentality in

"Werter." As a study of morbid psychology it is unrivalled. The gradual development of the suicidal idea in Werter's distracted mind is traced with great skill. In the early part, before the tragic element develops, one scene in particular is finely touched. Werter is playing with the pistols of Albert (for whom Kestner is prototype), and idly presses the muzzle of one to his forehead. The matter-of-fact Albert bereaves him of the weapon on the spot, and gives him a lecture on the folly of such conduct. This goads Werter into a spirited defence of suicide, which horrifies Albert, the respectable, beyond measure. But the grim foreshadowing of play becomes deadly earnest in the last scene.

The language throughout is flexible, and the style faultless. Like "*Faust*," it is a work that requires to be read in the original.

Scarcely had the echo of the last Werter-imitating pistol died away, before Goethe produced two more dramas, "*Clavigo*" and "*Stella*." "*Clavigo*" is founded on an episode in the history of Beaumarchais, the French dramatist, while "*Stella*" is the story of a hero, who reminds us of Macheath in his little difficulty between Polly and Lucy, and who cuts the Gordian knot by a praiseworthy bigamy. This last play elicited from a suffering reader the epigram :—

“ His glowing page with passion fraught
From dull morality is free.
Self-murder he'd already taught,
And now he's got to bigamy ! ”

Among the projected works of this time were “ Mahomet ” and “ Prometheus. ” The latter ends in a splendidly defiant challenge from Prometheus to Jove.

The central figure in Goethe's last year at Frankfort is Lili Schönemann, a beautiful blonde, to whom Goethe became engaged. She belonged to a social circle far above Goethe, and the parents of neither of the lovers smiled on the engagement. Besides, the spectre of matrimony began to scare Goethe, and it was with a feeling of relief that he accepted the invitation of Karl August, Prince of Weimar, to pay him a visit. In the autumn of 1775 he left Frankfort for Weimar, having previously exchanged the usual vows with his fair fiancée. This was the end. Goethe soon found new objects of interest, while the philosophic Lili married a banker. She had probably had enough of poets.

Weimar henceforth becomes the abiding-place of Goethe. He might have approached it with some hesitation ; for Wieland, with whom he was at feud, had also set up his tabernacle there. However, Wieland consented to forget “ Götter,

Helden, und Wieland," promptly buried the hatchet, and, so far as we know, never resurrected that implement. Herder soon after came there as Court preacher, so the atmosphere of Weimar was decidedly intellectual. Duchess Amalie and Karl August were equally charmed with Goethe. Between prince and subject there existed a perfect *camaraderie*. But aristocratic Weimar lifted its eyebrows at the spectacle of the friendship between its Duke and a mere nobody of a poet, and utterly refused to be comforted till Goethe received the talismanic prefix of *Von*, which was the "Open Sesame" of all polite society. Still more horrifying to the crowd of office-seekers was Goethe's appointment to the position of Privy-Councillor. To this dignity was attached a salary of 1200 thalers (£180), a really princely sum for a small German court of the period. Karl August very nobly said in reply to the grumblers, "Goethe can have no position here but that of my friend. All others are beneath him."

Goethe's Weimar life is a *mélange* of hunting, sledging, skating, swimming, concerts, birthday-celebrations, balls, and flirtations. But he did no literary work except a prose version of "Iphigenia," and a few operatic trifles. It is in solitude that great poems are shaped. After ten years he seems to have realised that persistent lotus-eating

is not the best life for a poet, and his thoughts began to turn to Italy, the dream of his youth. He obtained leave of absence from Karl August, and in 1786 came the fulfilment of the dream.

For the first year Goethe did not write much in Italy. It was enough for him "not to be doing, but to be." He did not even keep regularly the orthodox diary. The *Italiänische Reise*, published by him in 1817, is founded on the letters he wrote home to Charlotte von Stein, the lady who was, for the time being, aiding Goethe's soul-development. Through the Tuscan cities he passed rapidly, staying long at Bologna before Raffaelle's beautiful St. Agatha, thinking out his new conception of "Iphigenia." But Rome was his goal, and most of his time was spent there, with occasional excursions to Naples and the temples of Paestum. In the Eternal City, *Iphigenia*, in its new form, was completed, and read to a circle of friends. Angelica Kaufmann seems to have been the only one who fully appreciated the new piece. *Egmont* was practically finished in Italy, and *Torquato Tasso* sketched. But, more important than all, he again began to think of the "Faust" legend, which since the Frankfort days had been biding its time. In Rome, he writes, he "found the key." But the poem was to be worked out later on.

He returned to Weimar in 1788. The glamour of Italy still hung about him, and he set vigorously to work on the plays which had occupied his mind while there. The Duke, with thoughtful kindness, released him from the press of petty duties which had heretofore crowded out poetry; and "Egmont," "Iphigenia," and "Tasso," form the noble record of the next two years.

"Egmont," published in 1788, is one of the most deservedly popular of Goethe's works. It is not historical in a strict sense, but is a grand chronicle of sixteenth-century feeling in the Netherlands. To feel how perfectly the writer has attained the artist's touch, it is only necessary to read the first act, and notice the almost Shakespearian discrimination of character in the talk of the burghers. Clärchen, the heroine, is one of the sweetest women Goethe has given us, and Egmont is more attractive than his historic prototype. Behind all looms up the gloomy figure of Alva, and the shadow of the Blood-Council.

In "Iphigenia," the last traces of the Sturm-und-Drang allegiance have disappeared. Schlegel has called the poem an "echo of Greek song"—a judgment which will astonish everyone who knows his Euripides. Euripides centralises on Orestes and Pylades, Goethe on Iphigenia. The conception of Iphigenia is essentially German, not Greek.

But there is a large, statuesque calm, and classic repose about the play which is certainly Hellenic in spirit.

"Tasso" (1790) is the last of the plays partially sketched in Italy. None of Goethe's poems contain so many quotable lines. It is a perfect treasure-house of truisms. But the northern type of the hero is even more pronounced than that of Iphigenia. The doublet is the doublet of Tasso, but the voice is decidedly the voice of a German.

Strangely enough Goethe now appears as the author of a very different work, *The Metamorphosis of Plants*, in which he develops the since-accepted theory that all the parts of the flower are simply modifications of the foliar organs. While in Rome, he had dabbled in Art, and experienced a return of his boyish desire to be an artist in something else than words. "A poet, that means painter too"—but Goethe did not find it so. As a scientist he might have made a great name for himself. To him is due the discovery that the intermaxillary bone in the human jaw is really present, though in a state of fusion. This had been denied by previous anatomists. Still more important is his suggestion that the bones of the skull are simply modified vertebral segments. Goethe saw the theory of Evolution from afar off. Had he lived in our days, the great poet might have been

ranked among the Von Baers, Haeckels, and Darwins. But the world could not spare her Goethe to science. Is he not of more value than many Haeckels?

The year 1794 is very memorable in Goethe's life for the commencement of that noble friendship with Schiller, which lasted without break till the death of the latter in 1805. In friendship, as in love, it is not uncommon to begin with a little aversion; and the "Dioscuri"—as Mr. Lewes calls them—met with mutual prejudice, which soon gave way to mutual respect and admiration. The *Xenien* was the first real bond between them. These were stinging little epigrams directed against society in general, and their luckless fellow-poets in particular. Even the friendly Wieland did not escape a velvet-pawed pat in the birthday congratulation, "May your life be as long as your prose sentences." Their aim and object may be best illustrated by the quotation of one:—

"Fort in's Land der Philister, ihr Füchse mit brennenden
Schwänzen,
Und verderbet der Herrn reife papierene Saat."

The luckless Philistines might try reprisals as they would, for they soon discovered that they had not one, but two Samsons against them, and were

reduced to comfort themselves by amiably ascribing the *Xenien* to the direct inspiration of the devil.

The two poets acted and reacted on each other. But Schiller's influence on Goethe was merely stimulative, Goethe's on Schiller distinctly alterative. Schiller's work from this time forward loses somewhat in ideality, but gains greatly in strength. His *Bride of Messina* and *Wallenstein* stand widely apart from the *Robbers* and *Don Carlos*. Schiller, on his side, withdrew Goethe from the sweet influences of science, and turned his thoughts to poetry. Probably, it is to Schiller's constant urging that we owe the completion of "Faust."

In 1796 appeared the first-fruits of the new influence in *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*—one of the most important books of Goethe's life. The hero, Wilhelm Meister, has nourished a passion for the stage from his youth upwards. It begins with his childhood's puppet-show, and culminates in his connection with a company of strolling actors, who are a most hilarious, if somewhat disreputable, set. That candid friend, Mr. Hayward, adroitly apologises for this by pointing out that Goethe knew very little of good company, and was therefore quite right in putting his hero among the scenes and people most familiar to himself. Mignon, with her half-understood

character and mysterious origin, appears here ; but far more interesting as well as charming is the kittenish coquette Philina. Apart from the story, it is chiefly interesting to an English reader on account of the wonderful dissection and criticism of the characters of Hamlet and Ophelia, introduced *à propos* of a performance of "Hamlet," with Wilhelm in the title-rôle. Its sequel, the *Wanderjahre*, was published in 1821, but it is a book which, to the average un-German reader, is worse than pressing to death, whipping, or hanging. Both volumes have found a brilliant translator in Carlyle, whose lance was ever in the rest in defence of the *Wanderjahre*.

The year 1797 is memorable as the "Year of Ballads," which the two poets wrote in friendly rivalry. The palm undoubtedly rests with Schiller, but some of Goethe's are exceptionally fine. Among them are that gruesome "splendour amid glooms," the *Bride of Corinth*, perhaps the finest ballad extant in any language, the universally known "*Erl-könig*" and "*Der Gott und die Bayadere*," with its final note of large charity. Some original translations of the ballads and lyrics, by the present editor, are appended to the "Faust" in this volume. Their author humbly entreats the reader, as he is strong in German, to be merciful.

Next year saw a return to semi-classicism

in the publication of *Hermann und Dorothea*, which really deserves Schlegel's remark on "Iphigenia." The sonority of the diction, and the grand, simple outlines of the story, as well as the perfect management of the hexametric cadence, are unlike anything in modern work. It is like an idyll of Theocritus told by Homer. A poet is apt to look on his own work with what Locker calls "asinine paternal eyes," but Goethe said in his old age that this was the only one of his poems which he enjoyed re-reading.

Goethe and Schiller, though living in such close union, were accustomed to send greetings to each other on the first day of the new year. On the first of January 1805, the former, reading over his letter, was surprised to see that he had inadvertently dated it "The last year." He took a pen and began mechanically to rewrite the note, with the same result. No poetic nature is ever free from a touch of superstition, and a shudder passed over Goethe, as he said, "I feel a presentiment that for one of us this is the last year." Alas, it was justified! Schiller's untimely death broke down Goethe's calm completely. He covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a woman. For days no one dared mention Schiller's name in his presence. Till the end of his life he could not bear to speak of "Schiller's death." It was

always, "When I lost Schiller." For a time he strove to finish *Demetrius*, in which Schiller had been warmly interested, but the endeavour was in vain. For a time the spring of action seemed broken. There is, for once, a deeply human note in a letter which he wrote, "The half of my existence is gone from me."

Possibly it was the breaking of this dearest tie that led him to form another. In 1806 he was formally married to Christiane Vulpius, who had lived in his household for eighteen years, and was the mother of his children, the eldest of whom, a boy named August, was, at this time, aged seventeen. This last avatar of *Das ewig Weibliche*, was simply a pretty and affectionate girl of the lower class, and as unintellectual as it is desirable that the wife of a genius should be. Weimar had long accepted the liaison, but was horrified at the marriage. Nevertheless, it was fairly happy. Christiane could not indeed enter into sympathy with her gifted husband as Frederika or Lili might have done, but she was a thoroughly satisfactory *hausfrau*, and Goethe owed much to her practical wisdom and common-sense. His mother, from the beginning of the connection, had welcomed Christiane as "her dear daughter," and shown a great liking for her and her children. The kindly old Râthin lived to see her erratic son safely

married, and died in 1808, deeply regretted by him. His father had died in 1782.

In 1805 he had arranged with Cotta to publish a new edition of his works, which is memorable to us as containing the first part of "Faust" in its perfected form, published in 1808. The boy-Goethe had pored over the chap-book legend with childish awe and interest. It had haunted the brain of the idle Leipzig student as he sat dreaming in Gellert's class-room. Frederika's lover had, in the Strasburg days, had a glimpse of the confiding tenderness of a nature as sweet as Gretchen's, and had begun to think seriously of the great problems of life and love. On the Frankfort advocate of 1769 had dawned the vision of the great poem, seen as yet afar off, but recognised as a thing to be toiled towards. The year 1790 had seen it in its first form published at Weimar, passing almost unnoticed amid the frivolities of a court. The frayed grey manuscript accompanied him to Rome, and in the Eternal City, he writes, he "found the key"—the key that opens the gate to the most splendid poem of the century. Schiller's faith in it had prevented Goethe from dropping the "Faust" as he had long since dropped the "Prometheus." And now the memory of his dead poet-friend spurred Goethe to the completion of the great work.

The second part, published in 1831, is, like the second part of *Wilhelm Meister*, an artistic mistake. The fatality and finality of the first part are destroyed by the second, which is believed by many critics to have been simply an afterthought on the part of Goethe. In it Faust devotes himself to the service of man, with the very orthodox result that Mephistopheles is cheated of his prey, while the soul of Faust ascends to heaven, amid choirs of glorified angels. If the "Helena" is read as an excerpt, it will be found admirable, but the courageous reader who attempts the reading of the whole will soon find himself, like the man in the "Lobgesang," wandering in night and foulest darkness. However, Germany could not spare it ; it is a happy hunting-ground for the critics.

In the year 1808 occurred the meeting at Erfurt of the Emperors of France and Russia, to settle some questions arising out of the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon desired that Goethe should be presented to him, and both there and at Weimar talked earnestly with him on the subject of his literary works. It rather astounds us to hear that the conqueror of Marengo and Jena—surely the most unsentimental of men—rejoiced in "Werter," had read the book seven times, and always carried the history of that love-lorn youth in his travelling

library. The Emperor was most gracious to the poet, and invited him to settle at Paris. He summed up his opinion of Goethe in the energetic exclamation, "*Voilà un homme.*"

Next year a short and sharp attack of the old love-malady led to the publication of *Wahlverwandschaften* (Elective Affinities)—a book which has been alternately held up as a monument of high morals and good literary style, and pilloried as an example of the reverse. His last work of importance is the Autobiography (1811-1822), *Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit*, (Poetry and Truth), which is the great source for the facts of his early youth. But the statements therein contained are not wholly reliable, and are to be taken with a good many grains of salt. In fact, "*Dichtung*" decidedly predominates over "*Wahrheit.*"

The last years of the poet's life are a pleasant record, saddened though they are by the deaths of his wife, Duke Karl August, and his son. Luckily for himself, his nature was too calm to suffer intensely. His intellectual powers were bright to the last, and besides the *Italiänische Reise*, *Wanderjahre*, and *Second part of Faust*, which properly belong to this period, he edited a magazine, *Kunst und Alterthum*, and wrote beautiful love-poems. His truly was the old age

nec cithara carentem. His home was bright with the prattle of his grandchildren. His great personal beauty remained majestic and striking as ever. He was still the lover and the loved of beautiful women. To his shrine in Weimar came the younger men of Germany in pilgrimage. Among them was Heine, on whom Goethe passed the crushing, if somewhat puzzling, verdict, that he "had every other gift, but wanted Love." In the great English geniuses of the time he took the deepest interest. He appreciated Scott and Byron, and warmly predicted the future greatness of Carlyle and Victor Hugo. On his last birthday he was greatly gratified at receiving a gold seal from fifteen of our best-known Englishmen, in acknowledgment of the spiritual help he had given them.

His death was as serene as his life. It occurred in March 1832, after a week's ill-health. He died, seated in his arm-chair, with his daughter-in-law, Ottilie, holding his hand in hers. It was characteristic of him who had been the great light-bringer of his age, that the last words spoken ere the soul of the great poet went forth into the darkness by which our haughty life is crowned, were the cry, "More light ! more light."

Matthew Arnold, in his "Memorial Stanzas," has given so fine an epitome of Goethe's position in

regard to his century, that I cannot refrain from quoting it here :—

“ Physician of the iron age
Goethe has done his pilgrimage,
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness, clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said : *Thou ailest here, and here !*
He looked on Europe’s dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power,
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life,
He said : *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there !”

It seems fitting that a summary of his greatest work should follow this brief memoir of Goethe. The Dr. Faustus, round whom hangs the halo of myth and legend, was an actual personage, for Melancthon, that most precise of reformers, records that he had himself conversed with him. Like “Göetz,” he flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century. He is said to have entered into a compact with the devil, by which he undertook, in return for a quarter of a century’s enjoyment, to surrender himself body and soul to the “party of the second part” at the end of the term. As it is well to be precise in these matters, we may state that the contract was fulfilled with commendable

promptitude at Rimlich, near Wittenberg, on the 23rd October 1538, between twelve and one at night, when Faust was torn to pieces by the devil, much to the edification of all good Christians of the neighbourhood.

His name lived on in legend and story, and attained the dignity of appearing as a Volksbuch, in 1588, at Frankfort. Probably the first to see the grand possibilities of the legend was our own Christopher Marlowe, whose "Faust" culminates in a magnificent last scene. Goethe's "Faust" is, of course, the incomparable masterpiece in German, but the subject has also been treated by Lessing, Klinger, Müller, and Lenau.

Of making Faust-translations there has been no end, between thirty and forty being extant. Among others we may recommend Miss Swanwick's rhythmic version, Anster's brilliant paraphrase, and Mr. Hayward's prose translation, —which, perhaps, is the best rendering extant, as the changing rhythm of "Faust" presents an almost insuperable barrier to faithfulness of verse-translation. Metrically, there is no version to compare with that of Bayard Taylor's. It represents the German with admirable truth. He is the only one of the translators who has seriously attempted to reproduce the feminine and dactylic rhymes of the original. Contrary as the trochaic

rhythm is to the genius of English poetry, he has used it wherever it occurs in Goethe, while the others have used the iambus, or variously "wandered into other ways." And faithfulness of translation has gone hand-in-hand with metrical excellence.

There are two prologues in the play—the prologue on Earth and the prologue in Heaven. The first is a discussion between the Poet, Manager, and Merry-Andrew of the scope and province of the stage, probably founded on Goethe's own experience as manager of the Weimar theatre. The second represents the Deity in familiar converse with Mephistopheles on the character of Faust. Mephistopheles adroitly insinuates doubts of Faust's virtue, and receives permission to tempt him from the right way. It is especially fitting that there should be two prologues, for Earth and things of earth are the setting of the struggle of the soul for Heaven.

The poem opens on Easter eve, in Faust's chamber in the University. On the soul of its tenant has fallen a mood of deep depression. A sudden revulsion from his patient knowledge-seeking life has seized on the lonely scholar, and he feels bitterly that he has given up the pleasures of the senses, which at least are tangible, for the empty lore which has ceased to mean anything to

him. Vainly does he seek refuge in his magic power, and call up the Earth-Spirit. Even the spirit he can command scorns him, and as it disappears, Wagner, his famulus, enters, to drive platitudes till dismissed by Faust. As the scholar casts his eyes round his study, they fall on a vial of poison which has stood forgotten on its shelf for years. In his mood of deathly weariness Faust welcomes it as a means of escape from all the pettiness and triviality of life. But as he sets the cup to his lips, on his ear breaks the chorus of the Easter angels. Softer thoughts come back, and he drops the beaker. Better for him had he drained it !

But midnight's doubt vanishes before the day-spring's faith. Next day is the Easter festival, and among the holiday-makers are to be found Faust and Wagner. By the kindly human interest the Doctor takes in the crowd and its pleasures we see that his heart is still sound at core. Wagner, on the other hand, regards the people with lofty contempt, and opines that the proper study of mankind is fusty volumes and mouldy palimpsests. He proceeds to develop this theory to the inattentive Faust, who breaks into his exordium to direct his attention to a black poodle who is following them. Wagner sees nothing but an ordinary poodle, but his master, struck by

something in the brute's appearance, whistles to him, and the dog follows him to his room, where he promptly ensconces himself behind the stove. Faust betakes himself to translating the Scriptures, an operation which appears seriously to disquiet the nerves of his canine guest. The very natural objections of the demoniac poodle are observed by the Sage, who calls exorcism to his aid. After several transformations, and a lavish expenditure of incantations the dog disappears, and in its place stands Mephistopheles, arrayed in the garb of a travelling student. Unfortunately for him, the poodle had in its excitement sprung over the pentagram on the wizard's threshold, which the devil could not recross without permission. The owner of the room philosophically invites his new acquaintance to future visits. Mephistopheles, after casting him into a sleep, is forced to summon the aid of rats to gnaw away the threshold, and the imprisoned demon at last finds exit.

The next day Mephistopheles returns, clad in the scarlet dress and cap with the cock's feather so familiar to us on the stage. He offers to Faust all earthly joys, but the wearied scholar is utterly incredulous of their power to charm him. Nay, so sure is he that the pleasures which Mephistopheles can give will have no power over him, that he

offers to yield himself, body and soul, to the tempter, if at any time he is so enthralled by sensuous enjoyments as to say to any moment, "Stay, thou art so fair!" The astute demon accepts the wager on the spot, the contract is signed in blood, and Faust retires to prepare himself for the journey, while Mephistopheles remains in the study, to give some very characteristic counsel to a stray student who has presented himself, desiring some hints on his future line of study. The anxious inquirer departs before Faust's return, and the two strangely-mated companions leave the University for ever.

After a brief visit to the student-orgies of the Auerbach cellar, which have no attractions for the cultured mind of the fastidious Faust, they visit the Witch's Kitchen, and obtain from the Witch a magic philtre, which shall rejuvenate Faust. While Mephistopheles renews acquaintance with this old ally, Faust has seen in a mirror the image of the lovely girl who is to play such a part in his future history.

He meets the beautiful Margaret next day in the streets of Nuremburg, and offers her his escort. She declines his advances, and passes onwards. Faust immediately demands the aid of Mephistopheles, but his demon-companion tells him that she is as innocent in thought as in deed, and

against such pure souls he has no power. However, he offers as a compromise to introduce the lover into Gretchen's chamber in her absence. Faust eagerly accepts, ordering his worthy coadjutor to obtain a present for his beloved. Of this Mephistopheles highly approves, cynically remarking that if he gives her ornaments he is on the fair way to success.

Meanwhile Margaret, in her little room, is plaiting the long braids of her auburn hair, and thinking idly, girl-fashion, of the handsome cavalier who had accosted her that day at the church-door. She leaves the room, and the enamoured Faust enters it with Mephistopheles. The latter places a jewel-casket in the little cupboard, and they retreat as Margaret enters. She soon discovers the casket, opens it, and, like a child-woman as she is, adorns herself with the pearls, over which she shows almost rapturous delight. But her mother, discovering them, handed them over to the representative of Mother Church, greatly to the distress of poor little bereaved Gretchen.

Gretchen has a convenient neighbour, Frau Martha Schwerdtlein, a kindly, vulgar, common-natured woman. While Martha is sitting alone by the fire, busied in meditations on her absent husband, her little neighbour runs in, palpitating with excitement, to announce that the lost

casket has been replaced by another, if possible far more beautiful. Martha sympathises greatly with the child's joy, and decks her in the new ornaments, comforting her with the suggestion that she can run across at any time and wear them at her house, though the gratification of public display must be denied her. While they are yet in the full tide of interest in the mysterious present, a knock is heard at the door. It is Mephistopheles, who announces himself as charged with the dying messages of Frau Schwerdtlein's husband. Martha sheds floods of tears at the sad intelligence of her husband's death, which are, however, instantaneously dried up when Mephistopheles narrates how the dying man had said that in all their domestic quarrels his wife had been most to blame. She shows a natural desire to have the death officially confirmed, and the visitor promises to bring with him on the morrow a friend, who was also a witness of the decease of Herr Schwerdtlein. He then, after hoping that Margaret will be present on the morrow to sustain the afflicted widow, disappears, having his exit quickened by the evident admiration of Martha for himself.

The "witness" to the death of Schwerdtlein is, of course, Faust, who thus meets Gretchen for the first time at Martha's house. As they pass

into the garden, Mephistopheles pairs off with Martha, and Faust with Margaret. While the acute Frau Martha seizes the occasion to depict the miseries of bachelor-life to the hapless Mephistopheles, the younger pair rapidly make acquaintance. His sweet companion confesses to Faust that she has already recognised him as the gentleman that accosted her at the Cathedral door. Then, growing more confidential, she tells him all the details of her home-life in her own pretty, childlike way, and the lovers talk together till night-fall puts an end to their conversation—none too soon for the hunted and harried Mephistopheles, who has begun to find the widow's attentions somewhat embarrassing. This is only the first of many meetings in the garden.

Faust is not yet lost to all sense of right. As he sees more and more clearly how utterly he holds Margaret's soul in his hands, remorse seizes on him. The city grows hateful to him; and he passes from out its gates to think out the question of his future conduct alone with his own soul. In lonely communion with Nature, he faces the problem of his relations with Margaret. Apart from the influence of his demon-companion the weak-willed, though not yet wicked, Faust can see on what brink he stands. Wrong enough has he done to Gretchen, the final wrong he will not do.

He will leave her at whatever cost of pain to both. But Mephistopheles has tracked him to his retirement, and the sneering fiend, by his diabolical sarcasms and suggestions, puts flight to all better thoughts. From this time we feel that Faust is as surely lost as if the dreadful compact were already fulfilled.

The next scene is again laid in Martha's garden. A breath of the old garden at Sesenheim seems to float through it. It is here that the magnificent confession of faith occurs, which, though spoken by Faust, might be that of Goethe himself. It is, perhaps, the most sustainedly poetic passage in the play.

In her woman-like and tender anxiety for the eternal salvation of the man she loves, Margaret questions her lover on his religious faith, and is half vexed that no definite profession can be drawn from him. For this she blames Mephistopheles, as her own pure nature leads her to distrust the man in whose presence she cannot pray, and under whose eye even her great love for Faust seems to die away. Faust asks her to grant him a meeting in her chamber at midnight, where they may be safe from his ever-prying eyes, giving her at the same time a sleeping-draught to administer to her mother, so that their interview may not be intruded on ; and Gretchen innocently grants his request.

The sleeping-draught, by diabolical agency, proves fatal to her mother. This tragedy is scarcely past before another follows. Margaret's brother, Valentine, has heard of her secret love-affair, and of the dark shadows that are already beginning to gather round her fair fame. All the young soldier's pride in his sister turns to fiery passion against the author of her ruin. In the grey of the morning he sees two dark figures under the window, and at once challenges the seducer of his sister. The white blades cross in the moonlight. Faust's satanic second lends strength to his arm, and Valentine falls. He dies in Margaret's arms, denouncing her secret guilt to the crowd that gathers round him.

The unrelieved intensity of the last few scenes has been such that we feel it a relief to leave Margaret for a while, and follow Faust and Mephistopheles to the Harz Mountains, where the great witch-festival of Walpurgis Night is going on. It is a significant fact in the history of Faust's moral degradation, that the refined student who in the earlier scenes had turned with disgust from the vulgar good-fellowship of Auerbach's cellar, can now find excitement and pleasure in the eldritch revelry of the Brocken ball. But in the middle of the dance he leaves his beautiful witch-partner, for among the dancers an apparition glides slowly

past him, and with a sudden pang he recognises the face of Margaret. Mephistopheles attempts to rally him out of his brain-sick fancy, telling him that the spectre bears to each man the features of his own love. But Faust knows too well the form of his beloved. With wonder he sees a single red line, scarce broader than a knife-blade, on the fairness of her neck, and racks his brain for its cause. He will know anon.

When Faust learns that Margaret is in prison, under sentence of death for the murder of their child, a fearful burst of passionate agony breaks from him. He hurls bitter reproaches on Mephistopheles, but the sneering fiend turns on him with the query, "Who was it that plunged her into her ruin? I, or thou?" The terrible truth of his words pierces to the conscience-stricken soul of the guilty Faust. But at least he will not leave Gretchen alone in her shame and misery. He commands Mephistopheles to take him directly to the town where she is imprisoned, but his companion reminds him that the death of Valentine is still unavenged, and that he cannot go thither with safety. His personal danger does not shake Faust's purpose, and Mephistopheles agrees to use his magic steeds in conveying him thither.

As the black hell-horses tear onward, they check for one moment over the place of execution, and

the blood in the veins of Faust turns cold as he sees the shadowy forms of ill-spirits weaving their sinister circles round the spot. They are waiting for the morrow. *Whose* blood is to stain the scaffold?

Arrived at the prison, Mephistopheles keeps guard without while Faust enters alone. As he unlocks the door he hears the words of a wild song within, which tell him too surely what wreck sorrow and suffering have wrought on the mind of the once pure and gentle Margaret. She does not recognise him at first, and taking him for the executioner, pleads piteously for a little respite, only till morning. But at the sound of his voice she knows her beloved, and clasping him in her arms, forgets for a moment everything but his presence. Soon, however, the cloud sinks again on her brain, and the miserable Faust has the agony of hearing her recount all the course of their ill-fated love. Despairingly does he conjure her to flee with him, but she can no longer comprehend the meaning of his passionate adjurations. The day breaks on his wild entreaties, and Mephistopheles appears to tell him that further delay is impossible. At the shock of seeing him, whom her true instinct had ever abhorred, her brain grows clear. If salvation from the punishment of her sin can come only through *his* agency, she will

have none of it. She commends herself to the judgment of God, and dies. "She is judged!" exclaims the voice of the fiend; but the choir of angels from above answer with the triumphant, "She is saved." Margaret's soul, on its way to heaven, calls to her lover, "Henry! Henry!" But with heaven he has no more to do. "Hither to me!" is the last word of the demon.

"*Hither to me!*" I know of no other such note in tragedy except that eerie voice that, in the Sophoclean drama, from the depths of the gray olive-woods of Colonus, summons the eldest of the fated House of the Labdacidae to "dree his weird." An unexpressed fearfulness of suggestion broods over the fate of each. Into a horror of thick darkness, where we cannot follow, pass both the Edipus and the Faust.

Mr. Sime, looking on the two "Fausts" as one continuous poem, has said that the idea with which Goethe seeks to solve the problem of "Faust" is the old, yet ever new, doctrine, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." To us it rather seems to be, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." The whirlpool of destruction that engulfs Margaret, her mother, brother, and child, sets toward Faust as a centre. As has been often pointed out, through the grand tragedy runs the feeling that sensual

pleasure will never satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul.

But the play shows the evils of selfish self-absorption and one-sided development as clearly as those of sensuality. For Body and Soul are sisters ; and human nature is too many-sided to abide by any course of life which bears reference to the wants of only one. The lonely student-Faust, in his cell, has sinned against the one as much as the sharer in the Brocken revelry against the other. The selfishness of the student is only one degree less harmful than that of the sensualist.

Neither through intellectual isolation nor careless self-pleasing shall man ever reach Happiness. Some ideal, whether called Love, Friendship, or Humanity, must ever overshadow the mere Ego, if a man is to fill his place rightly in this world. And so we close the "Faust" with the words of Goethe's greatest disciple ringing in our ears, "Love not Pleasure, love God ; this is the Everlasting Yea in which whosoever walketh and worketh it is well with him."

ELIZABETH CRAIGMYLE.

*"So now the dainty souls that crave
Light stepping stones across a shallow wave
Shrink from the deeps of Goethe's soundless song!
So, now, the weak imperfect fire
That knows but half of passion and desire
Betrays itself, to do the Master wrong,
Turns, dazzled by his white, uncoloured glow,
And deems his sevenfold heat the wintry flash of snow."*

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Ode on Goethe.



FAUST:
A TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

TRANSLATED, IN THE ORIGINAL METRES,

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.



FAUST.



PRELUDE ON THE STAGE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRY-ANDREW.

MANAGER. You two, who oft a helping hand
Have lent, in need and tribulation,
Come, let me know your expectation
Of this, our enterprise, in German land !
I wish the crowd to feel itself well treated,
Especially since it lives and lets me live ;
The posts are set, the booth of boards completed,¹
And each awaits the banquet I shall give.
Already there, with curious eyebrows raised,
They sit sedate, and hope to be amazed.
I know how one the People's taste may flatter,
Yet here a huge embarrassment I feel :
What they're accustomed to, is no great matter,
But then, alas ! they've read an awful deal.

How shall we plan, that all be fresh and new,—
Important matter, yet attractive too?
For 'tis my pleasure to behold them surging,
When to our booth the current sets apace,
And with tremendous, oft-repeated urging,
Squeeze onward through the narrow gate of grace :
By daylight even, they push and cram in
To reach the seller's box, a fighting host,
And as for bread, around a baker's door, in famine,
To get a ticket break their necks almost.
This miracle alone can work the Poet
On men so various : now, my friend, pray show it.

POET. Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom but to see, puts out the fire of Song !
Hide from my view the surging crowd that passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along !
No, lead me where some heavenly silence glasses
The purer joys that round the Poet throng,—
Where Love and Friendship still divinely fashion
The bonds that bless, the wreaths that crown his
passion !

Ah, every utterance from the depths of feeling
The timid lips have stammeringly expressed,—
Now failing, now, perchance, success revealing,—
Gulps the wild Moment in its greedy breast ;
Or often, reluctant years its warrant sealing,
Its perfect stature stands at last confessed !
What dazzles, for the Moment spends its spirit :
What's genuine, shall Posterity inherit.

MERRY-ANDREW. Posterity! Don't name the word to me!

If *I* should choose to preach Posterity,
Where would you get cotemporary fun?
That men *will* have it, there's no blinking:
A fine young fellow's presence, to my thinking,
Is something worth, to every one.
Who genially his nature can outpour,
Takes from the People's moods no irritation;
The wider circle he acquires, the more
Securely works his inspiration.
Then pluck up heart, and give us sterling coin!
Let Fancy be with her attendants fitted,—
Sense, Reason, Sentiment, and Passion join,—
But have a care, lest Folly be omitted!

MANAGER. Chiefly, enough of incident prepare!
They come to look, and they prefer to stare.
Reel off a host of threads before their faces,
So that they gape in stupid wonder: then
By sheer diffuseness you have won their graces,
And are, at once, most popular of men.
Only by mass you touch the mass; for any
Will finally, himself, his bit select:
Who offers much, brings something unto many,
And each goes home content with the effect.
If you've a piece, why, just in pieces give it:
A hash, a stew, will bring success, believe it!
'Tis easily displayed, and easy to invent.
What use, a Whole compactly to present?
Your hearers pick and pluck, as soon as they receive it!

POET. You do not feel, how such a trade debases ;
How ill it suits the Artist, proud and true !
The botching work each fine pretender traces
Is, I perceive, a principle with you.

MANAGER. Such a reproach not in the least offends ;
A man who some result intends
Must use the tools that best are fitting.
Reflect, soft wood is given to you for splitting,
And then, observe for whom you write !
If one comes bored, exhausted quite,
Another, satiate, leaves the banquet's tapers,
And, worst of all, full many a wight
Is fresh from reading of the daily papers.
Idly to us they come, as to a masquerade,
Mere curiosity their spirits warming :
The ladies with themselves, and with their finery, aid,
Without a salary their parts performing.
What dreams are yours in high poetic places ?
You're pleased, forsooth, full houses to behold ?
Draw near, and view your patrons' faces !
The half are coarse, the half are cold.
One, when the play is out, goes home to cards ;
A wild night on a wench's breast another chooses :
Why should you rack, poor, foolish bards,
For ends like these, the gracious Muses ?
I tell you, give but more—more, ever more, they ask :
Thus shall you hit the mark of gain and glory.
Seek to confound your auditory !
To satisfy them is a task.—
What ails you now ? Is't suffering, or pleasure ?

POET. Go, find yourself a more obedient slave !
 What ! shall the Poet that which Nature gave,
 The highest right, supreme Humanity,
 Forfeit so wantonly, to swell your treasure ?
 Whence o'er the heart his empire free ?
 The elements of Life how conquers he ?
 Is't not his heart's accord, urged outward far and
 dim,
 To wind the world in unison with him ?
 When on the spindle, spun to endless distance,
 By Nature's listless hand the thread is twirled,
 And the discordant tones of all existence
 In sullen jangle are together hurled,
 Who, then, the changeless orders of creation
 Divides, and kindles into rhythmic dance ?
 Who brings the One to join the general ordination,
 Where it may throb in grandest consonance ?
 Who bids the storm to passion stir the bosom ?
 In brooding souls the sunset burn above ?
 Who scatters every fairest April blossom
 Along the shining path of Love ?
 Who braids the noteless leaves to crowns, requiting
 Desert with fame, in Action's every field ?
 Who makes Olympus sure, the Gods uniting ?
 The might of Man, as in the Bard revealed.

MERRY-ANDREW. So, these fine forces, in con-
 junction,
 Propel the high poetic function,
 As in a love-adventure they might play !
 You meet by accident ; you feel, you stay,

And by degrees your heart is tangled ;
Bliss grows apace, and then its course is jangled ;
You're ravished quite, then comes a touch of woe,
And there's a neat romance, completed ere you know !
Let us, then, such a drama give !
Grasp the exhaustless life that all men live !
Each shares therein, though few may comprehend :
Where'er you touch, there's interest without end.
In motley pictures little light,
Much error, and of truth a glimmering mite,
Thus the best beverage is supplied,
Whence all the world is cheered and edified.
Then, at your play, behold the fairest flower
Of youth collect, to hear the revelation !
Each tender soul, with sentimental power,
Sucks melancholy food from your creation ;
And now in this, now that, the leaven works,
For each beholds what in his bosom lurks.
They still are moved at once to weeping or to laughter,
Still wonder at your flights, enjoy the show they see :
A mind, once formed, is never suited after ;
One yet in growth will ever grateful be.

POET. Then give me back that time of pleasures,
While yet in joyous growth I sang,—
When, like a fount, the crowding measures
Uninterrupted gushed and sprang !
Then bright mist veiled the world before me,
In opening buds a marvel woke,
As I the thousand blossoms broke,
Which every valley richly bore me !

I nothing had, and yet enough for youth—
 Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.
 Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,
 The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
 The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—
 O, give me back my youth again !

MERRY-ANDREW. Youth, good my friend, you
 certainly require
 When foes in combat sorely press you ;
 When lovely maids, in fond desire,
 Hang on your bosom and caress you ;
 When from the hard-won goal the wreath
 Beckons afar, the race awaiting ;
 When, after dancing out your breath,
 You pass the night in dissipating :—
 But that familiar harp with soul
 To play,—with grace and bold expression,
 And towards a self-erected goal
 To walk with many a sweet digression,—
 This, aged Sirs, belongs to you,²
 And we no less revere you for that reason :
 Age childish makes, they say, but 'tis not true ;
 We're only genuine children still, in Age's season !

MANAGER. The words you've bandied are
 sufficient ;
 'Tis deeds that I prefer to see ;
 In compliments you're both proficient,
 But might, the while, more useful be.
 What need to talk of Inspiration ?
 'Tis no companion of Delay.

If Poetry be your vocation,
Let Poetry your will obey !
Full well you know what here is wanting ;
The crowd for strongest drink is panting,
And such, forthwith, I'd have you brew.
What's left undone to-day, To-morrow will not do.
Waste not a day in vain digression :
With resolute, courageous trust
Seize every possible impression,
And make it firmly your possession ;
You'll then work on, because you must.
Upon our German stage, you know it,
Each tries his hand at what he will ;
So, take of traps and scenes your fill,
And all you find, be sure to show it !
Use both the great and lesser heavenly light,—
Squander the stars in any number,
Beasts, birds, trees, rocks, and all such lumber,
Fire, water, darkness, Day and Night !
Thus, in our booth's contracted sphere,
The circle of creation will appear,
And move, as we deliberately impel,
From Heaven, across the World, to Hell !

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

*The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.*³

RAPHAEL. The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round :
His path predestined through Creation.
He ends with step of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say ;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL. And swift, and swift beyond con-
ceiving,
The splendour of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful Night's intense profound :
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,

And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled !

MICHAEL. And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea.
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way :
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy Day.

THE THREE. Though still by them uncompre-
hended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in Creation's hour.

MEPHIS. Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to
approach again
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,
Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest.
Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after ⁴
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and
spurned :
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter,
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted ;
How men torment themselves, is all I've noted.
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old
way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.

Life somewhat better might content him,
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou
 hast lent him :

He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.

Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.

Would he still lay among the grass he grows in !
Each bit of dung he seeks, to stick his nose in.

THE LORD. Hast thou, then, nothing more to
 mention ?

Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention ?
Find'st nothing right on earth, eternally ?

MEPHIS. No, Lord ! I find things, there, still bad
 as they can be.

Man's misery even to pity moves my nature ;
I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched
 creature.

THE LORD. Know'st Faust ?

MEPHIS. The Doctor Faust ?

THE LORD. My servant, he !

MEPHIS. Forsooth ! He serves you after strange
 devices :

No earthly meat or drink the fool suffices :
His spirit's ferment far aspireth ;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars from Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,

And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

THE LORD. Though still confused his service unto
Me,

I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

MEPHIS. What will you bet? There's still a chance
to gain him,

If unto me full leave you give,
Gently upon *my* road to train him!

THE LORD. As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.⁵

MEPHIS. My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,

And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks where ruddy blood is
leaping,

And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.

THE LORD. Enough! What thou hast asked is
granted.

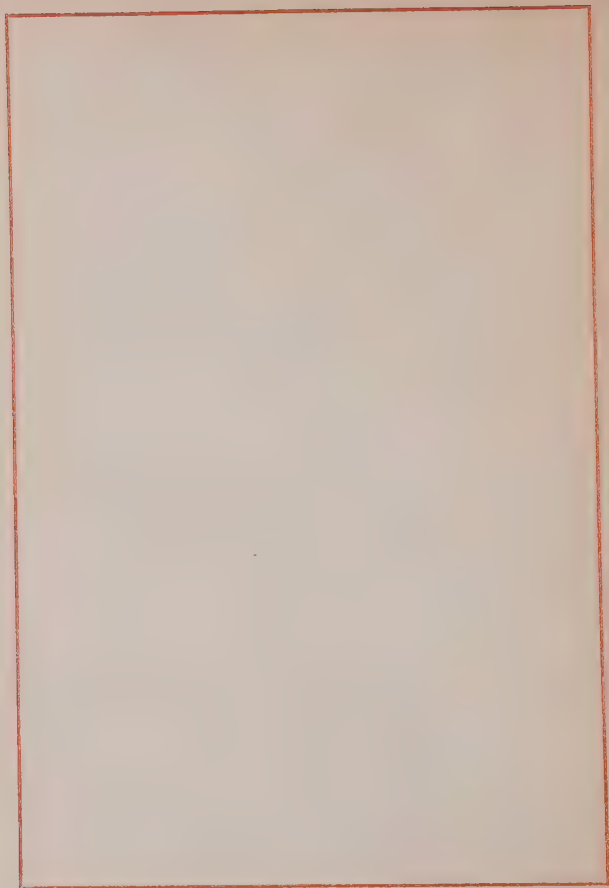
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him, let thy snares be planted,
And him, with thee, be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.⁶

MEPHIS. Agreed ! But 'tis a short probation,
About my bet I feel no trepidation.
If I fulfil my expectation,
You'll let me triumph with a swelling breast :
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain snake, my near relation.

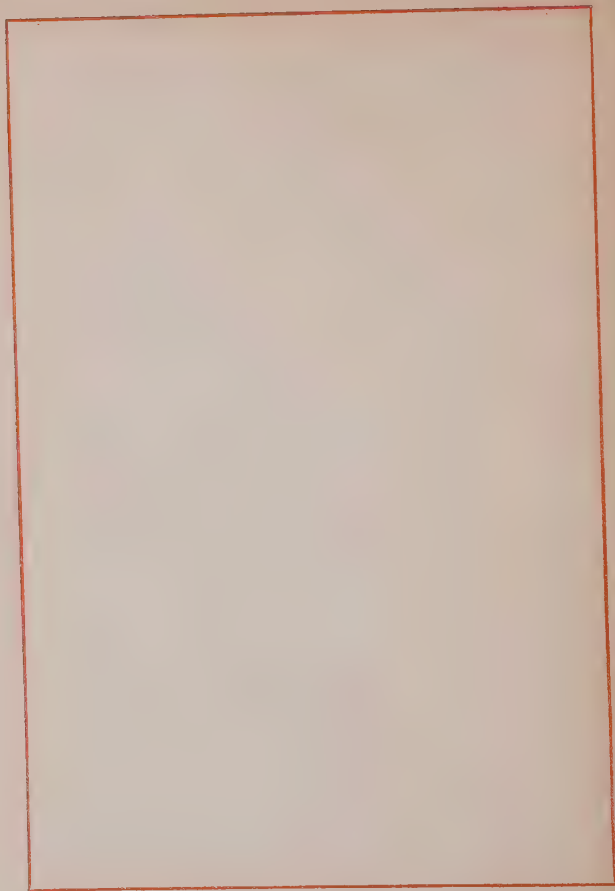
THE LORD. There in thou'rt free, according to
thy merits ;
The like of thee have never moved My hate.
Of all the bold, denying Spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the
level ;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave ;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil.
But ye, God's sons in love and duty,⁷
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty !
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wavering apparition gleams
Fix in its place with thoughts that stand for ever !

[*Heaven closes : the ARCHANGELS separate.*

MEPHIS. (*solus*). I like, at times, to hear The
Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil :
It's really kind of such a noble Lord
So humanly to gossip with the Devil !



First Part of the Tragedy.



NIGHT.

*A lofty-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber. FAUST, in
a chair at his desk, restless.*

FAUST. I've studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine,—
And even, alas ! Theology,—
From end to end, with labour keen ;
And here, poor fool ! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before :
I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight,
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
These ten years long, with many woes,
I've led my scholars by the nose,—
And see, that nothing can be known !
That knowledge cuts me to the bone.
I'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers,
Doctors and Magisters, Scribes and Preachers ;
Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smile
me,
Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.

SCENE I.

For this, all pleasure am I foregoing ;
I do not pretend to aught worth knowing,
I do not pretend I could be a teacher
To help or convert a fellow-creature ;
Then, too, I've neither lands nor gold,
Nor the world's least pomp or honour hold—
No dog would endure such a curst existence !
Wherefore, from Magic I seek assistance,
That many a secret perchance I reach
Through spirit-power and spirit-speech,
And thus the bitter task forego
Of saying the things I do not know,—
That I may detect the inmost force
Which binds the world, and guides its course ;
Its germs, productive powers explore,
And rummage in empty words no more !

O full and splendid Moon, whom I
Have, from this desk, seen climb the sky
So many a midnight,—would thy glow
For the last time beheld my woe !
Ever thine eye, most mournful friend,
O'er books and papers saw me bend ;
But would that I, on mountains grand,
Amid thy blessed light could stand,
With spirits through mountain-caverns hover,
Float in thy twilight the meadows over,
And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe
me,
To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me !

SCENE I.

21

Ah, me ! this dungeon still I see,
This drear, accursed masonry,
Where even the welcome daylight strains
But dusky through the painted panes,
Hemmed in by many a toppling heap
Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust,
Which to the vaulted ceiling creep,
Against the smoky paper thrust,—
With glasses, boxes, round me stacked.
And instruments together hurled,
Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed—
Such is my world : and what a world !

And do I ask, wherefore my heart
Falters, oppressed with unknown needs?
Why some inexplicable smart
All movement of my life impedes ?
Alas ! in living Nature's stead,
Where God His humun creature set,
In smoke and mould the fleshless dead
And bones of beasts surround me yet !
Fly ! Up, and seek the broad, free land
And this one Book of Mystery
From Nostradamus' very hand,
Is't not sufficient company ?
When I the starry courses know,
And Nature's wise instruction seek,
With light of power my soul shall glow,
And when to spirits spirits speak.

SCENE I.

'Tis vain, this empty brooding here,
Though guessed the holy symbols be :
Ye, Spirits, come—ye hover near—
Oh, if you hear me, answer me !

*[He opens the Book, and perceives the sign
of the Macrocosm.]*

Ha ! what a sudden rapture leaps from this
I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing !
I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss
In every vein and fibre newly glowing.
Was it a God, who traced this sign,
With calm across my tumult stealing,
My troubled heart to joy unsealing,
With impulse, mystic and divine,
The powers of Nature here, around my path,
revealing?
Am I a God?—so clear mine eyes !
In these pure features I behold
Creative Nature to my soul unfold.
What says the sage, now first I recognise :
“ The spirit-world no closures fasten ;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead :
Disciple, up ! untiring, hasten
To bathe thy breast in morning-red ! ”

[He contemplates the sign.]

How each the Whole its substance gives,
Each in the other works and lives !

Like heavenly forces rising and descending,
Their golden urns reciprocally lending,
With wings that winnow blessing
From Heaven through Earth I see them pressing,
Filling the All with harmony unceasing !
How grand a show ! but, ah ! a show alone.
Thee, boundless Nature, how make thee my own?
Where you, ye breasts? Founts of all Being,
 shining,
Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's desire,
Whereto our withered hearts aspire,—
Ye flow, ye feed : and am I vainly pining ?

*[He turns the leaves impatiently, and perceives
the sign of the Earth-Spirit.]*

How otherwise upon me works this sign !
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer :
Even now my powers are loftier, clearer ;
I glow, as drunk with new-made wine :
New strength and heart to meet the world incite
 me,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me;
And though the shock of storms may smite me,
No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me !
Clouds gather over me—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp's extinguished !—
Mists rise,—red, angry rays are darting
Around my head !—There falls

A horror from the vaulted roof,
And seizes me !
I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke !
Reveal thyself !
Ha ! in my heart what rending stroke !
With new impulsion
My senses heave in this convulsion !
I feel thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me :
Thou must ! thou must ! and though my life it
cost me !

*[He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces
the sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes :
the SPIRIT appears in the flame.]*

SPIRIT. Who calls me ?

FAUST (*with averted head*). Terrible to see !

SPIRIT. Me hast thou long with might
attracted,

Long from my sphere thy food exacted,
And now—

FAUST. Woe ! I endure not thee !

SPIRIT. To view me is thine aspiration,
My voice to hear, my countenance to see :
Thy powerful yearning moveth me,
Here am I !—what mean perturbation
Thee, superhuman, shakes ? Thy soul's high calling,
where ?
Where is the breast, which from itself a world did
bear,

SCENE I.

25

And shaped and cherished—which with joy expanded,
To be our peer, with us, the Spirits, banded?
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice has pierced to
me,

Who towards me pressed with all thine energy?
He art thou, who, my presence breathing, seeing,
Trembles through all the depths of being,
A writhing worm, a terror-stricken form?

FAUST. Thee, form of flame, shall I then fear?
Yes, I am Faust : I am thy peer !

SPIRIT. In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,
A fluctuant wave,
A shuttle free,
Birth and the Grave,
An eternal sea,
A weaving, flowing
Life, all-glowing,

Thus at Time's humming loom 'tis my hand prepares
The garment of Life which the Deity wears !

FAUST. Thou, who around the wide world wendest,
Thou busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee !

SPIRIT. Thou'rt like the Spirit which thou compre-
hendest.

Not me !

[*Disappears.*

FAUST (*overwhelmed.*) Not thee !
Whom then ?

I, image of the Godhead !

Not even like thee ?

[*A knock.*

O Death !—I know it—'tis my Famulus !

My fairest luck finds no fruition :

In all the fulness of my vision
The soulless sneak disturbs me thus !

Enter WAGNER,¹¹ in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns impatiently.

WAGNER. Pardon, I heard your declamation ;
'Twas sure an old Greek tragedy you read !
In such an art I crave some preparation,
Since now it stands one in good stead.
I've often heard it said, a preacher
Might learn, with a comedian for a teacher.

FAUST. Yes, when the priest comedian is by
nature,
As haply now and then the case may be.

WAGNER. Ah, when one studies thus, a prisoned
creature,
That scarce the world on holidays can see,—
Scarce through a glass, by rare occasion,
How shall one lead it by persuasion ?

FAUST. You'll never attain it, save you know
the feeling,
Save from the soul it rises clear,
Serene in primal strength, compelling
The hearts and minds of all who hear.
You sit for ever, gluing, patching ;
You cook the scraps from others' fare ;
And from your heap of ashes hatching
A starveling flame, ye blow it bare !
Take children's, monkeys' gaze admiring,
If such your taste, and be content ;

But ne'er from heart to heart you'll speak inspiring,
Save your own heart is eloquent !

WAGNER. Yet through delivery orators succeed ;
I feel that I am far behind, indeed.

FAUST. Seek thou the honest recompense !
Beware, a tinkling fool to be !
With little art, clear wit and sense
Suggest their own delivery ;
And if thou'rt moved to speak in earnest,
What need, that after words thou yearnest ?
Yes, your discourses, with their glittering show,
Where ye for men twist shredded thought like
paper,¹²

Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow
The rustling leaves through chill autumnal vapour !

WAGNER. Ah, God ! but Art is long,
And Life, alas ! is fleeting.
And oft, with zeal my critics-duties meeting,
In head and breast there's something wrong.
How hard it is to compass the assistance
Whereby one rises to the source !
And, haply, ere one travels half the course
Must the poor devil quit existence.

FAUST. Is parchment, then, the holy fount before
thee,
A draught wherefrom thy thirst for ever slakes ?
No true refreshment can restore thee,
Save what from thine own soul spontaneous breaks.

WAGNER. Pardon ! a great delight is granted
When in the spirit of the ages planted,

We mark how, ere our time, a sage has thought,
And then, how far his work, and grandly, we have
brought.

FAUST. O yes, up to the stars at last !
Listen, my friend : the ages that are past
Are now a book with seven seals protected :
What you the Spirit of the Ages call
Is nothing but the spirit of you all,
Wherein the Ages are reflected.
So, oftentimes, you miserably mar it !
At the first glance who sees it runs away.
An offal-barrel and a lumber-garret,
Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play,¹³
With maxims most pragmatical and hitting,
As in the mouths of puppets are befitting !

WAGNER. But then, the world—the human heart
and brain !

Of these one covets some slight apprehension.

FAUST. Yes, of the kind which men attain !
Who dares the child's true name in public mention ?
The few, who thereof something really learned,
Unwisely frank, with hearts that spurned concealing,
And to the mob laid bare each thought and feeling,
Have evermore been crucified and burned.
I pray you, Friend, 'tis now the dead of night ;
Our converse here must be suspended.

WAGNER. I would have shared your watches with
delight,
That so our learned talk might be extended.
To-morrow, though, I'll ask, in Easter leisure,

This and the other question, at your pleasure.
Most zealously I seek for erudition :
Much do I know—but to know all is my ambition.

[*Exit.*

FAUST (*solus*). That brain, alone, not loses hope
whose choice is
To stick in shallow trash for evermore,—
Which digs with eager hand for buried ore,
And, when it finds an angel-worm, rejoices !

Dare such a human voice disturb the flow,
Around me here, of spirit-presence fullest ?
And yet, this once my thanks I owe
To thee, of all earth's sons the poorest, dullest !
For thou hast torn me from that desperate state
Which threatened soon to overwhelm my senses :
The apparition was so giant-great,
It dwarfed and withered all my soul's pretences !

I, image of the Godhead, who began—
Deeming Eternal Truth secure in nearness—
To sun myself in heavenly light and clearness,
And laid aside the earthly man ;—
I, more than Cherub, whose free force had planned
To flow through Nature's veins in glad pulsation,
To reach beyond, enjoying in creation
The life of Gods, behold my expiation !
A thunder-word hath swept me from my stand.

With thee I dare not venture to compare me.
Though I possessed the power to draw thee near me,
The power to keep thee was denied my hand.
When that ecstatic moment held me,
I felt myself so small, so great ;
But thou hast ruthlessly repelled me
Back upon Man's uncertain fate.
What shall I shun? Whose guidance borrow?
Shall I accept that stress and strife?
Ah ! every deed of ours, no less than every sorrow,
Impedes the onward march of life.

Some alien substance more and more is cleaving
To all the mind conceives of grand and fair ;
When this world's Good is won by our achieving,
The Better, then, is named a cheat and snare.
The fine emotions, whence our lives we mould,
Lie in the earthly tumult dumb and cold.
If hopeful Fancy once, in daring flight,
Her longings to the Infinite expanded,
Yet now a narrow space contents her quite,
Since Time's wild wave so many a fortune stranded.
Care at the bottom of the heart is lurking :
Her secret pangs in silence working,
She, restless, rocks herself, disturbing joy and rest :
In newer masks her face is ever drest,
By turns as house and land, as wife and child, pre-
sented,—
As water, fire, as poison, steel :
We dread the blows we never feel,

And what we never lose is yet by us lamented !
I am not like the Gods ! That truth is felt too deep :
The worm am I, that in the dust doth creep,—
That, while in dust it lives and seeks its bread,
Is crushed and buried by the wanderer's tread.

Is not this dust, these walls within them hold,
The hundred shelves, which cramp and chain me,
The frippery, the trinkets thousand-fold,
That in this mothy den restrain me?
Here shall I find the help I need ?
Shall here a thousand volumes teach me only
That men, self-tortured, everywhere must bleed,—
And here and there one happy man sits lonely ?
What mean'st thou by that grin, thou hollow skull,
Save that thy brain, like mine, a cloudy mirror,
Sought once the shining day, and then, in twilight dull,
Thirsting for Truth, went wretchedly to Error ?
Ye instruments, forsooth, but jeer at me
With wheel and cog, and shapes uncouth of wonder ;
I found the portal, you the keys should be ;
Your wards are deftly wrought, but drive no bolts
asunder !
Mysterious even in open day,
Nature retains her veil, despite our clamours :
That which she doth not willingly display
Cannot be wrenched from her with levers, screws, and
hammers.
Ye ancient tools, whose use I never knew,
Here, since my father used ye, still ye moulder :

Thou, ancient scroll, hast worn thy smoky hue
Since at this desk the dim lamp wont to smoulder.
'Twere better far, had I my little idly spent,
Than now to sweat beneath its burden, I confess it !
What from your fathers' heritage is lent,
Earn it anew, to really possess it !
What serves not, is a sore impediment :
The Moment's need creates the thing to serve and
bless it !

Yet, wherefore turns my gaze to yonder point so
lightly ?

Is yonder flask a magnet for mine eyes ?
Whence, all around me, glows the air so brightly,
As when in woods at night the mellow moonbeam lies ?

I hail thee, wondrous, rarest vial !
I take thee down devoutly, for the trial :
Man's art and wit I venerate in thee.
Thou summary of gentle slumber-juices,
Essence of deadly finest powers and uses,
Unto thy master show thy favour free !
I see thee, and the stings of pain diminish ;
I grasp thee, and my struggles slowly finish :
My spirit's flood-tide ebbereth more and more.
Out on the open ocean speeds my dreaming ;
The glassy flood before my feet is gleaming,
A new day beckons to a newer shore !

A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,
Sweeps near me now ! I soon shall ready be

To pierce the ether's high, unknown dominions,
To reach new spheres of pure activity !
This godlike rapture, this supreme existence,
Do I, but now a worm, deserve to track ?
Yes, resolute to reach some brighter distance,
On Earth's fair sun I turn my back !
Yes, let me dare those gates to fling asunder,
Which every man would fain go slinking by !
'Tis time, through deeds this word of truth to thunder :
That with the height of Gods Man's dignity may vie !
Nor from that gloomy gulf to shrink affrighted,
Where Fancy doth herself to self-born pangs
compel,—

To struggle toward that pass benighted,
Around whose narrow mouth flame all the fires of
Hell,—

To take this step with cheerful resolution,
Though Nothingness should be the certain, swift
conclusion !

And now come down, thou cup of crystal clearest !
Fresh from thine ancient cover thou appearest,
So many years forgotten to my thought !
Thou shon'st at old ancestral banquets cheery,
The solemn guests thou madest merry,
When one thy wassail to the other brought.
The rich and skilful figures o'er thee wrought,
The drinker's duty, rhyme-wise to explain them,
Or in one breath below the mark to drain them,
From many a night of youth my memory caught.

Now to a neighbour shall I pass thee never,
 Nor on thy curious art to test my wit endeavour :
 Here is a juice whence sleep is swiftly born.
 It fills with browner flood thy crystal hollow ;
 I chose, prepared it : thus I follow, —
 With all my soul the final drink I swallow,
 A solemn festal cup, a greeting to the morn !

*[He sets the goblet to his mouth. Chime of
 bells and choral song.]*

CHORUS OF ANGELS.¹⁴ Christ is arisen !

Joy to the Mortal One,
 Whom the unmerited,
 Clinging inherited
 Needs did imprison.

FAUST. What hollow humming, what a sharp,
 clear stroke,

Drives from my lip the goblet's, at their meeting ?
 Announce the booming bells already woke
 The first glad hour of Easter's festal greeting ?
 Ye choirs, have ye begun the sweet, consoling chant,
 Which, through the night of Death, the angels
 ministrant
 Sang, God's new Covenant repeating ?

CHORUS OF WOMEN. With spices and precious

Balm, we arrayed him ;
 Faithful and gracious,
 We tenderly laid him :
 Linen to bind him
 Cleanlily wound we :

Ah! when we would find him,
Christ no more found we.

CHORUS OF ANGELS. Christ is ascended!

Bliss hath invested him,—
Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!

FAUST. Why, here in dust, entice me with your
spell,

Ye gentle, powerful sounds of Heaven?

Peal rather there, where tender natures dwell.

Your messages I hear, but faith has not been given;

The dearest child of Faith is Miracle.

I venture not to soar to yonder regions

Whence the glad tidings hither float;

And yet, from childhood up familiar with the note,

To Life it now renews the old allegiance.

Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss

Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;

And, filled with mystic presage, chimed the church-
bell slowly,

And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.

A sweet, uncomprehended yearning

Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows free,

And while a thousand tears were burning,

I felt a world arise for me.

These chants, to youth and all its sports appealing,

Proclaimed the Spring's rejoicing holiday;

And Memory holds me now, with childish feeling

Back from the last, the solemn way.

Sound on, ye hymns of Heaven, so sweet and mild,
My tears gush forth : the Earth takes back her child !

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES. Has He, victoriously,

Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all-gloriously
Now sits exalted ?
Is He, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near ? ¹⁵
Ah ! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here.
We, his aspiring
Followers, Him we miss ;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, Thy bliss !

CHORUS OF ANGELS. Christ is arisen,

Out of Corruption's womb :
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom !
Praising and pleading him,
Lovingly needing him,
Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding Him,
Thus is the Master near,—
Thus is He here !

II.

BEFORE THE CITY-GATE.

PEDESTRIANS *of all kinds come forth.*

SEVERAL APPRENTICES. Why do you go that way?

OTHERS. We're for the Hunter's-lodge, to-day.

THE FIRST. We'll saunter to the Mill, in yonder hollow.

AN APPRENTICE. Go to the River Tavern, I should say.

SECOND APP. But then, it's not a pleasant way.

THE OTHERS. And what will *you*?

A THIRD. As goes the crowd, I follow.

A FOURTH. Come up to Burgdorf? There you'll find good cheer,

The finest lasses and the best of beer,
And jolly rows and squabbles, trust me!

A FIFTH. You swaggering fellow, is your hide
A third time itching to be tried?

I won't go there, your jolly rows disgust me!

SERVANT-GIRL. No,—no! I'll turn and go to town again.

ANOTHER. We'll surely find him by those poplars yonder.

THE FIRST. That's no great luck for me, 'tis plain.
You'll have him, when and where you wander :
His partner in the dance you'll be,—
But what is all your fun to me ?

THE OTHER. He's surely not alone to-day :
He'll be with Curly-head, I heard him say.

A STUDENT. Deuce ! how they step, the buxom
wenches !

Come, Brother ! we must see them to the benches.
A strong, old beer, a pipe that stings and bites,
A girl in Sunday clothes,—these three are my delights.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER. Just see those handsome
fellows there !

It's really shameful, I declare ;—
To follow servant-girls, when they
Might have the most genteel society to-day !

SECOND STUDENT (*to the First*). Not quite so fast !

Two others come behind,—
Those, dressed so prettily and neatly.
My neighbour's one of them, I find,
A girl that takes my heart, completely.
They go their way with looks demure,
But they'll accept us, after all, I'm sure.

THE FIRST. No, Brother ! not for me their formal ways.
Quick ! lest our game escape us in the press :
The hand that wields the broom on Saturdays
Will best, on Sundays, fondle and caress.

CITIZEN. He suits me not at all, our new-made
Burgomaster !
Since he's installed, his arrogance grows faster.

How has he helped the town, I say?
Things worsen,—what improvement names he?
Obedience, more than ever, claims he,
And more than ever we must pay!

BEGGAR (*sings*). Good gentlemen and lovely ladies,
So red of cheek and fine of dress,
Behold, how needful here your aid is,
And see and lighten my distress!
Let me not vainly sing my ditty;
He's only glad who gives away:
A holiday, that shows your pity,
Shall be for me a harvest-day!

ANOTHER CITIZEN. On Sundays, holidays, there's
naught I take delight in,
Like gossiping of war, and war's array,
When down in Turkey, far away,
The foreign people are a-fighting.
One at the window sits, with glass and friends,
And sees all sorts of ships go down the river gliding:
And blesses then, as home he wends
At night, our times of peace abiding.

THIRD CITIZEN. Yes, Neighbour! that's my notion,
too:
Why, let them break their heads, let loose their pas-
sions,
And mix things madly through and through,
So, here, we keep our good old fashions!

OLD WOMAN (*to the Citizen's Daughter*). Dear me,
how fine! So handsome, and so young!
Who wouldn't lose his heart, that met you?

Don't be so proud ! I'll hold my tongue,
And what you'd like I'll undertake to get you.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER. Come, Agatha ! I shun the
witch's sight

Before folks, lest there be misgiving :

'Tis true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night,¹⁶
My future sweetheart, just as he were living.

THE OTHER. She showed me mine, in crystal clear,¹⁷
With several wild young blades, a soldier-lover :
I seek him everywhere, I pry and peer,
And yet, somehow, his face I can't discover.

SOLDIERS. Castles with lofty
Ramparts and towers,
Maidens disdainful
In Beauty's array,
Both shall be ours !
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay !
Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing,—
Calling to pleasure,
Calling to ruin.
Stormy our life is ;
Such is its boon !
Maidens and castles
Capitulate soon.
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay !
And the soldiers go marching,
Marching away !

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST. Released from ice are brook and river
By the quickening glance of the gracious Spring ;
The colours of hope to the valley cling,
And weak old Winter himself must shiver,
Withdrawn to the mountains, a crownless king :
Whence, ever retreating, he sends again
Impotent showers of sleet that darkle
In belts across the green o' the plain.
But the sun will permit no white to sparkle !
Everywhere form in development moveth ;
He will brighten the world with the tints he loveth,
And, lacking blossoms, blue, yellow, and red,
He takes these gaudy people instead.
Turn thee about, and from this height
Back on the town direct thy sight.
Out of the hollow, gloomy gate,
The motley throngs come forth elate :
Each will the joy of the sunshine hoard,
To honour the Day of the Risen Lord !
They feel, themselves, their resurrection :
From the low, dark rooms, scarce habitable ;
From the bonds of Work, from Trade's restriction ;
From the pressing weight of roof and gable ;
From the narrow, crushing streets and alleys ;
From the churches' solemn and reverend night,
All come forth to the cheerful light.
How lively, see ! the multitude sallies,
Scattering through gardens and fields remote,

While over the river, that broadly dallies,
 Dances so many a festive boat ;
 And overladen, nigh to sinking,
 The last full wherry takes the stream.
 Yonder afar, from the hill-paths blinking,
 Their clothes are colours that softly gleam.
 I hear the noise of the village, even ;
 Here is the People's proper Heaven ;
 Here high and low contented see !
 Here I am Man,—dare man to be !

WAGNER. To stroll with you, Sir Doctor, flatters ;
 'Tis honour, profit, unto me.
 But I, alone, would shun these shallow matters,
 Since all that's coarse provokes my enmity.
 This fiddling, shouting, ten-pin rolling
 I hate,—these noises of the throng :
 They rave, as Satan were their sports controlling,
 And call it mirth, and call it song !

PEASANTS *under the Linden-Tree.*

(*Dance and Song.*)

All for the dance the shepherd dressed,
 In ribbons, wreath, and gayest vest
 Himself with care arraying :
 Around the linden lass and lad
 Already footed it like mad :
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 Hurrah—tarara-la !
 The fiddle-bow was playing.

He broke the ranks, no whit afraid,
And with his elbow punched a maid,
 Who stood, the dance surveying :
The buxom wench, she turned and said :
“ Now, you I call a stupid-head ! ”
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 Hurrah—tarara-la !
 “ Be decent while you’re staying ! ”

Then round the circle went their flight,
They danced to left, they danced to right :
 Their kirtles all were playing.
They first grew red, and then grew warm,
And rested, panting, arm in arm—
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 Hurrah—tarara-la !
 And hips and elbows straying.

Now, don’t be so familiar here !
How many a one has fooled his dear,
 Waylaying and betraying !
And yet, he coaxed her soon aside,
And round the linden sounded wide :
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 Hurrah—tarara-la !
 And the fiddle-bow was playing.

OLD PEASANT. Sir Doctor, it is good of you,¹⁸
That thus you condescend, to-day,
Among this crowd of merry folk,
A highly-learned man, to stray.

SCENE II.

Then also take the finest can,
We fill with fresh wine, for your sake :
I offer it, and humbly wish
That not alone your thirst it slake,—
That, as the drops below its brink,
So many days of life you drink !

FAUST. I take the cup you kindly reach,
With thanks and health to all and each.

[The People gather in a circle about him.]

OLD PEASANT. In truth, 'tis well and fitly
timed,

That now our day of joy you share,
Who heretofore, in evil days,
Gave us so much of helping care.
Still many a man stands living here,
Saved by your father's skilful hand,
That snatched him from the fever's rage
And stayed the plague in all the land.
Then also you, though but a youth,¹⁹
Went into every house of pain :
Many the corpses carried forth,
But you in health came out again.
No test or trial you evaded :
A Helping God the helper aided.

ALL. Health to the man, so skilled and tried,
That for our help he long may bide !

FAUST. To Him above bow down, my friends,
Who teaches help, and succour sends !

[He goes on with WAGNER.]

WAGNER. With what a feeling, thou great man,
must thou

Receive the people's honest veneration !
How lucky he, whose gifts his station
With such advantages endow !
Thou'rt shown to all the younger generation ;
Each asks, and presses near to gaze ;
The fiddle stops, the dance delays.
Thou goest, they stand in rows to see,
And all the caps are lifted high ;
A little more, and they would bend the knee
As if the Holy Host came by.

FAUST. A few more steps ascend, as far as
yonder stone !—

Here from our wandering will we rest contented.
Here, lost in thought, I've lingered oft alone,
When foolish fasts and prayers my life tormented.
Here, rich in hope and firm in faith,
With tears, wrung hands and sighs, I've striven,
The end of that far-spreading death
Entreating from the Lord of Heaven !
Now like contempt the crowd's applauses seem :
Couldst thou but read, within mine inmost spirit,
How little now I deem
That sire or son such praises merit !
My father's was a sombre, brooding brain,
Which through the holy spheres of Nature groped
and wandered,
And honestly, in his own fashion, pondered
With labour whimsical, and pain :

Who, in his dusky work-shop bending,
With proved adepts in company,
Made, from his recipes unending,
Opposing substances agree.
There was a Lion red, a wooer daring, "
Within the Lily's tepid bath espoused,
And both, tormented then by flame unsparing,
By turns in either bridal chamber housed,
If then appeared, with colours splendid,
The young Queen in her crystal shell,
This was the medicine—the patients' woes soon
ended,

And none demanded—who got well?
Thus we, our hellish boluses compounding,
Among these vales and hills surrounding,
Worse than the pestilence, have passed.
Thousands were done to death from poison of my
giving;

And I must hear, by all the living,
The shameless murderers praised at last!

WAGNER. Why, therefore, yield to such depression?
A good man does his honest share
In exercising, with the strictest care,
The art bequeathed to his possession!
Dost thou thy father honour, as a youth?
Then may his teaching cheerfully impel thee:
Dost thou, as man, increase the stores of truth?
Then may thine own son afterwards excel thee.

FAUST. O happy he, who still renews
The hope, from Error's deeps to rise for ever!

That which one does not know, one needs to use ;
And what one knows, one uses never.
But let us not, by such despondence, so
The fortune of this hour embitter !
Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,
The green-embosomed houses glitter !
The glow retreats, done is the day of toil ;
It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring ;
Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring !
Then would I see eternal Evening gild
The silent world beneath me glowing,
On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley
filled,
The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.
The mountain-chain, with all its gorges deep,
Would then no more impede my godlike motion ;
And now before mine eyes expands the ocean
With all its bays, in shining sleep !
Yet, finally, the weary god is sinking ;
The new-born impulse fires my mind,—
I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
The Day before me and the Night behind,
Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves
beneath me,—
A glorious dream ! though now the glories fade.
Alas ! the wings that lift the mind no aid
Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.
Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,

When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay,—
When over crags and piny highlands
The poising eagle slowly soars,
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores.

WAGNER. I've had, myself, at times, some cold
caprices,
But never yet such impulse felt, as this is.
One soon fatigues, on woods and fields to look,
Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us :
How otherwise the mental raptures bear us
From page to page, from book to book !
Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
As warmer life in every limb had crowned you ;
And when your hands unroll some parchment rare
and old,

All Heaven descends, and opens bright around you ;

FAUST. One impulse art thou conscious of, at best ;
O, never seek to know the other !

Two souls, alas ! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds in love
And clinging lust the world in its embraces ;
The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces.

If there be airy spirits near,
'Twixt Heaven and Earth on potent errands fleeing,
Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,
And bear me forth to new and varied being !

Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,
To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,
I would not for the costliest stores of treasure—
Not for a monarch's robe—the gift resign.

WAGNER. Invoke not thus the well-known throng,
Which through the firmament diffused is faring,
And danger thousand-fold, our race to wrong,
In every quarter is preparing.
Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp²¹
Sweep down, and with their barbéd points assail
you ;

Then from the East they come, to dry and warp
Your lungs, till breath and being fail you :
If from the Desert sendeth them the South,
With fire on fire your throbbing forehead crowning,
The West leads on a host, to cure the drouth
Only when meadow, field, and you are drowning.
They gladly hearken, prompt for injury,—
Gladly obey, because they gladly cheat us ;
From Heaven they represent themselves to be,
And lisp like angels, when with lies they meet us.
But, let us go ! 'Tis gray and dusky all :
The air is cold, the vapours fall.

At night, one learns his house to prize :—
Why stand you thus, with such astonished eyes ?
What, in the twilight, can your mind so trouble ?

FAUST. Seest thou the black dog coursing there,
through corn and stubble ?²²

WAGNER. Long since : yet deemed him not im-
portant in the least.

FAUST. Inspect him close : for what tak'st thou the
beast ?

WAGNER. Why, for a poodle who has lost his master,
And scents about, his track to find.

FAUST. Seest thou the spiral circles, narrowing faster,
Which he, approaching, round us seems to wind ?
A streaming trail of fire, if I see rightly,
Follows his path of mystery.

WAGNER. It may be that your eyes deceive you
slightly ;
Naught but a plain black poodle do I see.

FAUST. It seems to me that with enchanted cunning
He snares our feet, some future chain to bind.

WAGNER. I see him timidly, in doubt, around us
running,
Since, in his master's stead, two strangers doth he find.

FAUST. The circle narrows : he is near !

WAGNER. A dog thou seest, and not a phantom,
here !

Behold him stop—upon his belly crawl—
His tail set wagging ; canine habits, all !

FAUST. Come, follow us ! Come here, at least !

WAGNER. 'Tis the absurdest, drollest beast.
Stand still, and you will see him wait ;
Address him, and he gambols straight ;
If something's lost, he'll quickly bring it, —
Your cane, if in the stream you fling it.

FAUST. No doubt you're right : no trace of mind, I
own,
Is in the beast : I see but drill, alone.

SCENE II.

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WAGNER. The dog, when he's well educated,
Is by the wisest tolerated.
Yes, he deserves your favour thoroughly,—
The clever scholar of the students, he !

[They pass in the city gate.]

III.

THE STUDY.

FAUST (*entering with the poodle*).

(BEHIND me, field and meadow sleeping,
I leave in deep, prophetic night,
Within whose dread and holy keeping
The better soul awakes to light.
The wild desires no longer win us,
The deeds of passion cease to chain ;
The love of Man revives within us,
The love of God revives again.)

Be still, thou poodle ! make not such racket and riot !
Why at the threshold wilt snuffing be ?
Behind the stove repose thee in quiet !
My softest cushion I give to thee.
As thou, up yonder, with running and leaping
Amused us hast, on the mountain's crest,
So now I take thee into my keeping,
A welcome, but also a silent, guest.

Ah, when within our narrow chamber
The lamp with friendly lustre glows,
Flames in the breast each faded ember,
And in the heart, itself that knows.
Then Hope again lends sweet assistance,
And Reason then resumes her speech :
One yearns, the rivers of existence,
The very founts of Life to reach)

Snarl not, poodle ! (To the sound that rises,
The sacred tones that my soul embrace,
This bestial noise is out of place.
We are used to see that Man despises
What he never comprehends,)
And the Good and the Beautiful vilipends,
Finding them often hard to measure :
Will the dog, like Man, snarl *his* displeasure ?

But ah ! I feel, though will thereto be stronger,
Contentment flows from out my breast no longer.
Why must the stream so soon run dry and fail us,
And burning thirst again assail us ?
Therein I've borne so much probation !
And yet this want may be supplied us ;
We call the Supernatural to guide us ;
We pine and thirst for Revelation,
Which nowhere worthier is, more nobly sent,
Than here, in our New Testament.
I feel impelled, its meaning to determine,—
With honest purpose, once for all,

The hallowed Original
To change to my beloved German. }

[*He opens a volume and commences.*]

'Tis written ; " In the Beginning was the *Word*." ²³
Here am I balked : who, now, can help afford ?
The *Word* ?—impossible so high to rate it ;
And otherwise must I translate it,
If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
Then thus : " In the Beginning was the *Thought*."
This first line let me weigh completely,
Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed ?
" In the Beginning was the *Power*," I read.
Yet, as I write, a warning is suggested,
That I the sense may not have fairly tested.
The Spirit aids me : now I see the light !
" In the Beginning was the *Act*," I write.

If I must share my chamber with thee,
Poodle, stop that howling, prithee !
Cease to bark and bellow !
Such a noisy, disturbing fellow
I'll no longer suffer near me.
One of us, dost hear me !
Must leave, I fear me.
No longer guest-right I bestow ;
The door is open, art free to go.
But what do I see in the creature ?
Is that in the course of nature ?

Is't actual fact ? or Fancy's shows ?
How long and broad my poodle grows !
He rises mightily :
A canine form that cannot be !
What a spectre I've harboured thus !
He resembles a hippopotamus,
With fiery eyes, teeth terrible to see :
O, now am I sure of thee !
For all of thy half-hellish brood
The Key of Solomon is good.²⁴

SPIRITS (*in the corridor*). Some onc, within, is
caught !

Stay without, follow him not !
Like the fox in a snare,
Quakes the old hell-lynx there.
Take heed—look about !
Back and forth hover,
Under and over,
And he'll work himself out.
If your aid can avail him,
Let it not fail him ;
For he, without measure,
Has wrought for our pleasure.

FAUST. First to encounter the beast,
The Words of the Four he addressed ;²⁵
Salamander, shine glorious !
Wave, Undine, as bidden !
Sylph, be thou hidden !
Gnome, be laborious !

Who knows not their sense
(These elements),—
Their properties
And power not sees,—
No mastery he inherits
Over the Spirits.

Vanish in flaming ether,
Salamander !
Flow foamingly together,
Undine !
Shine in meteor-sheen,
Sylph ;
Bring help to hearth and shelf,
Incubus ! Incubus !
Step forward, and finish thus !

Of the Four, no feature
Lurks in the creature.
Quiet he lies, and grins disdain :
Not yet, it seems, have I given him pain.

Now, to undisguise thee,²⁶
Hear me exorcise thee !
Art thou, my gay one,
Hell's fugitive stray-one ?
The sign witness now,
Before which they bow,
The cohorts of Hell !

With hair all bristling, it begins to swell.

Base Being, hearest thou?
Knowest and fearest thou
The One, unoriginate,²⁷
Named inexpressibly,
Through all Heaven impermeate,
Pierced irredressibly!

Behind the stove still banned,
See it, an elephant, expand!
It fills the space entire,
Mist-like melting, ever faster.
'Tis enough: ascend no higher,—
Lay thyself at the feet of the Master!
Thou seest, not vain the threats I bring thee:
With holy fire I'll scorch and sting thee!
Wait not to know
The threefold dazzling glow!
Wait not to know
The strongest art within my hands!

MEPHISTOPHELES,²⁸ *while the vapour is dissipating,
steps forth from behind the stove, in the costume of
a Travelling Scholar.*

Why such a noise? What are my lord's commands?

FAUST. This was the poodle's real core,
A travelling scholar, then? The *casus* is diverting.

MEPHIS. The learned gentleman I bow before:
You've made me roundly sweat, that's certain!

FAUST. What is thy name?

MEPHIS. A question small it seems,
For one whose mind the Word so much despises;
Who, scorning all external gleams,
The depths of being only prizes.

FAUST. With all you gentlemen, the name's a test,
Whereby the nature usually is expressed.
Clearly the latter it implies
In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.²⁹
Who art thou, then?

MEPHIS. Part of that Power, not understood,
Which always wills the Bad, and always works the
Good.

FAUST. What hidden sense in this enigma lies?

MEPHIS. I am the Spirit that Denies!³⁰
And justly so: for all things, from the Void
Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:
Twere better, then, were naught created.
Thus, all which you as Sin have rated,—
Destruction,—aught with Evil blent,—
That is my proper element.

FAUST. Thou nam'st thyself a part, yet show'st
complete to me?

MEPHIS. The modest truth I speak to thee.
If Man, that microcosmic fool, can see
Himself a whole so frequently,
Part of the Part am I, once All, in primal Night,—
Part of the Darkness which brought forth the Light,
The haughty Light, which now disputes the space,
And claims of Mother Night her ancient place.

And yet, the struggle fails ; since Light, howe'er it
weaves,

Still, fettered, unto bodies cleaves :
It flows from bodies, bodies beautifies ;
By bodies is its course impeded ;
And so, but little time is needed,
I hope, ere, as the bodies die, it dies !

FAUST. I see the plan thou art pursuing :
Thou canst not compass general ruin,
And hast on smaller scale begun.

MEPHIS. And truly 'tis not much, when all is
done.

That which to Naught is in resistance set,—
The Something of this clumsy world,—has yet,
With all that I have undertaken,
Not been by me disturbed or shaken :
From earthquake, tempest, wave, volcano's brand,
Back into quiet settle sea and land !
And that damned stuff, the bestial, human brood,—
What use, in having that to play with ?
How many have I made away with !
And ever circulates a newer, fresher blood.
It makes me furious, such things beholding :
From Water, Earth, and Air unfolding,
A thousand germs break forth and grow,
In dry, and wet, and warm, and chilly ;
And had I not the Flame reserved, why, really,
There's nothing special of my own to show !

FAUST. So, to the actively eternal
Creative force, in cold disdain

You now oppose the fist infernal,
Whose wicked clench is all in vain !
Some other labour seek thou rather,
Queer Son of Chaos, to begin !

MEPHIS. Well, we'll consider : thou canst gather
My views, when next I venture in.
Might I, perhaps, depart at present ?

FAUST. Why thou shouldst ask, I don't perceive.
Though our acquaintance is so recent,
For further visits thou hast leave.
The window's here, the door is yonder ;
A chimney, also, you behold.

MEPHIS. I must confess that forth I may not wander,
My steps by one slight obstacle controlled,—
The wizard's-foot, that on your threshold made is.⁸¹

FAUST. The pentagram prohibits thee ?
Why, tell me now, thou Son of Hades,
If that prevents, how cam'st thou in to me ?
Could such a spirit be so cheated ?

MEPHIS. Inspect the thing : the drawing's not completed.

The outer angle, you may see,
Is open left—the lines don't fit it.

FAUST. Well,—Chance, this time, has fairly hit it !
And thus, thou'rt prisoner to me ?
It seems the business has succeeded.

MEPHIS. The poodle naught remarked, as after thee
he speeded ;
But other aspects now obtain :
The Devil can't get out again.

FAUST. Try, then, the open window-pane !

MEPHIS. For Devils and for spectres this is law :
Where they have entered in, there also they withdraw.
The first is free to us ; we're governed by the second.

FAUST. In Hell itself, then, laws are reckoned ?
That's well ! So might a compact be
Made with you gentlemen—and binding,—surely ?

MEPHIS. All that is promised shall delight thee
purely ;
No skinflint bargain shalt thou see.
But this is not of swift conclusion ;
We'll talk about the matter soon.
And now, I do entreat this boon—
Leave to withdraw from my intrusion.

FAUST. One moment more I ask thee to remain,
Some pleasant news, at least, to tell me.

MEPHIS. Release me, now ! I soon shall come again ;
Then thou, at will, may'st question and compel me.

FAUST. I have not snares around thee cast ;
Thyself hast led thyself into the meshes.
Who traps the Devil, holds him fast !
Not soon a second time he'll catch a prey so precious.

MEPHIS. An't please thee, also I'm content to stay,
And serve thee in a social station ;
But stipulating, that I may
With arts of mine afford thee recreation.

FAUST. Thereto I willingly agree,
If the diversion pleasant be.

MEPHIS. My friend, thou'lt win, past all pretences,
More in this hour to soothe thy senses,

Than in the year's monotony.
That which the dainty spirits sing thee,
The lovely pictures they shall bring thee,
Are more than magic's empty show.
Thy scent will be to bliss invited ;
Thy palate then with taste delighted,
Thy nerves of touch ecstatic glow !
All unprepared, the charm I spin :
We're here together, so begin !

SPIRITS.⁸² Vanish, ye darkling
Arches above him !
Loveliest weather,
Born of blue ether,
Break from the sky !
O that the darkling
Clouds had departed !
Starlight is sparkling,
Tranquiller-hearted
Suns are on high.
Heaven's own children
In beauty bewildering,
Waveringly bending,
Pass as they hover ;
Longing unending
Follows them over.
They, with their glowing
Garments, out-flowing,
Cover, in going.
(Landscape and bower,
Where, in seclusion,

Lovers are plighted,
Lost in illusion.
Bower on bower !
Tendrils unblighted !
Lo ! in a shower
Grapes that o'ercluster
Gush into must, or
Flow into rivers
Of foaming and flashing
Wine, that is dashing
Gems, as it boundeth
Down the high places,
And spreading, surroundeth
With crystalline spaces,
In happy embraces,
Blossoming forelands,
Emerald shore-lands !
And the winged races
Drink, and fly onward—
Fly ever sunward
To the enticing
(Islands, that flatter,
Dipping and rising)
Light on the water !
Hark, the inspiring
Sound of their quiring !
See, the entrancing
Whirl of their dancing !
All in the air are
Freer and fairer.

Some of them scaling
Boldly the highlands,
Others are sailing,
Circling the islands ;
Others are flying ;
Life-ward all hieing,—
All for the distant
Star of existent
Rapture and Love !

MEPHIS. He sleeps ! Enough, ye fays ! your airy
number

Have sung him truly into slumber :
For this performance I your debtor prove.—
Not yet art thou the man, to catch the Fiend and hold
him !—

With fairest images of dreams infold him,
(Plunge him in seas of sweet untruth !)
Yet, for the threshold's magic which controlled him,
The Devil needs a rat's quick tooth.
I use no lengthened invocation :
Here rustles one that soon will work my liberation.

The lord of rats and eke of mice,
Of flies and bed-bugs, frogs and lice,
Summons thee hither to the door-sill,
To gnaw it where, with just a morsel
Of oil, he paints the spot for thee :—
There com'st thou, hopping on to me !
To work, at once ! The point which made me craven
Is forward, on the ledge, engiaven.

SCENE III.

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Another bite makes free the door :

So, dream thy dreams, O Faust, until we meet once
more !

FAUST (*awaking*). Am I again so foully cheated ?
Remains there naught of lofty spirit-sway,
But that a dream the Devil counterfeited,
And that a poodle ran away ?

IV.

THE STUDY.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. A knock? Come in! Again my quiet
broken?

MEPHIS. 'Tis I!

FAUST. Come in!

MEPHIS. Thrice must the words be spoken.

FAUST. Come in, then!

MEPHIS. Thus thou pleasest me.

I hope we'll suit each other well;
For now, thy vapours to dispel,
I come, a squire of high degree,³³
In scarlet coat, with golden trimming,
A cloak in silken lustre swimming,
A tall cock's-feather in my hat,
A long, sharp sword for show or quarrel,—
And I advise thee, brief and flat,
To don the self-same gay apparel,
That, from this den released, and free,
Life be at last revealed to thee!

FAUST. This life of earth, whatever my attire,

Would pain me in its wonted fashion.³⁴

(Too old am I to play with passion ;

Too young, to be without desire.)

What from the world have I to gain ?

Thou shalt abstain—renounce—refrain !

Such is the everlasting song

That in the ears of all men rings,—

That unrelieved, our whole life long,

Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings.

In very terror I at morn awake,

Upon the verge of bitter weeping,

To see the day of disappointment break,

To no one hope of mine—not one—its promise
keeping :—

That even each joy's presentiment

With wilful cavil would diminish,

With grinning masks of life prevent

My mind its fairest work to finish !

Then, too, when night descends, how anxiously

Upon my couch of sleep I lay me :

There, also, comes no rest to me,

But some wild dream is sent to fray me.

(The God that in my breast is owned

Can deeply stir the inner sources ;

The God, above my powers enthroned,

He cannot change external forces.

So, by the burden of my days oppressed,

Death is desired, and Life a thing unblest !

MEPHIS. And yet is never Death a wholly
welcome guest.

FAUST. O fortunate, for whom, when victory glances,
The bloody laurels on the brow he bindeth !
Whom, after rapid, maddening dances,
In clasping maiden-arms he findeth !
O would that I, before that spirit-power,
Ravished and rapt from life, had sunken !

MEPHIS. And yet, by some one, in that nightly
hour,
A certain liquid was not drunken.

FAUST. Eavesdropping, ha ! thy pleasure seems to be.

MEPHIS. Omniscient am I not ! yet much is known
to me.

FAUST. Though some familiar tone, retrieving
My thoughts from torment, led me on,
And sweet, clear echoes came, deceiving
A faith bequeathed from Childhood's dawn,
Yet now I curse whate'er entices
And snares the soul with visions vain ;
With dazzling cheats and dear devices
Confines it in this cave of pain !
Cursed be, at once, the high ambition
Wherewith the mind itself deludes !
(Cursed be the glare of apparition
That on the finer sense intrudes !
Cursed be the lying dream's impression
Of name, and fame, and laurelled brow !
Cursed, all that flatters as possession,
As wife and child, as knave and plough !
Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
To restless action spurs our fate !

Cursed when, for soft, indulgent pleasures,
He lays for us the pillows straight !
Cursed be the vine's transcendent nectar,—
The highest favour Love lets fall !
Cursed, also, Hope !—cursed Faith, the spectre !
And cursed be Patience most of all !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).³⁵ Woe ! woe !

Thou hast it destroyed,
The beautiful world,
With powerful fist :
In ruin 'tis hurled,
By the blow of a demigod shattered !
The scattered
Fragments into the Void we carry,
Deploring
The beauty perished beyond restoring.
Mightier
For the children of men,
Brightlier
Build it again,
In thine own bosom build it anew !
Bid the new career
Commence,
With clearer sense,
And the new songs of cheer
Be sung thereto !

MEPHIS. These are the small dependants
Who give me attendance.
Hear them, to deeds and passion
Counsel in shrewd old-fashion !

Into the world of strife,
Out of this lonely life
That of senses and sap has betrayed thee,
They would persuade thee.
This nursing of the pain forego thee,
That, like a vulture, feeds upon thy breast !
The worst society thou find'st will show thee
Thou art a man among the rest.
But 'tis not meant to thrust
Thee into the mob thou hatest !
I am not one of the greatest,
Yet, wilt thou to me entrust
Thy steps through life, I'll guide thee,—
Will willingly walk beside thee,—
Will serve thee at once and for ever
With best endeavour,
And, if thou art satisfied,
Will as servant, slave, with thee abide.

FAUST. And what shall be my counter-service
therefor ?

MEPHIS. The time is long : thou need'st not now
insist.

FAUST. No—no ! The Devil is an egotist,
And is not apt, without a why or wherefore,
“ For God's sake,” others to assist.
Speak thy conditions plain and clear !
With such a servant danger comes, I fear.

MEPHIS. *Here*, an unwearied slave, I'll wear thy
tether,
And to thine every nod obedient be :

When *There* again we come together,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST. The *There* my scruples naught increases.
When thou hast dashed this world to pieces,
The others, then, its place may fill.
Here, on this earth, my pleasures have their sources ;
Yon sun beholds my sorrows in his courses ;
And when from these my life itself divorces,
Let happen all that can or will !
I'll hear no more ; 'tis vain to ponder
If there we cherish love or hate,
Or, in the spheres we dream of yonder,
A High and Low our souls await.

MEPHIS. In this sense, even, canst thou venture.
Come, bind thyself by prompt indenture,
And thou mine arts with joy shalt see :
What no man ever saw, I'll give to thee.

(FAUST. Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavour,
E'er understood by such as thou ?)
Yet, hast thou food which never satiates, now,—
The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,
That runs, quicksilver-like, one's fingers through,—
A game whose winnings no man ever knew,—
A maid, that, even from my breast,
Beckons my neighbour with her wanton glances,
And Honour's god-like zest,
The meteor that a moment dances,—
Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot,
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them !

MEPHIS. Such a demand alarms me not :
Such treasures have I, and can show them.
But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
When peace we crave and more luxurious diet.

FAUST. When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
There let, at once, my record end !
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me !
The bet I offer.

MEPHIS. Done !

FAUST. And heartily !
When thus I hail the Moment flying :
" Ah, still delay—thou art so fair ! " ⁸⁶
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare !
Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free !
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then Time be finished unto me !

MEPHIS. Consider well : my memory good is rated.

FAUST. Thou hast a perfect right thereto.
My powers I have not rashly estimated :
A slave am I, whate'er I do—
If thine, or whose? 'tis needless to debate it.

MEPHIS. Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day, ⁸⁷
Will as a servant wait behind thee.
But one thing more ! Beyond all risk to bind thee,
Give me a line or two, I pray.

FAUST. Demand'st thou, Pedant, too, a document?
Hast never known a man, nor proved his word's intent?
It's not enough, that what I speak to-day
Shall stand, with all my future days agreeing?
In all its tides sweeps not the world away,
And shall a promise bind my being?
Yet this delusion in our hearts we bear:
Who would himself therefrom deliver?
(Blest he, whose bosom Truth makes pure and fair!
No sacrifice shall he repent of ever.)
Nathless a parchment, writ and stamped with care,
A spectre is, which all to shun endeavour.
The word, alas! dies even in the pen,
And wax and leather keep the lordship then.
What wilt from me, Base Spirit, say?—
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, clay?
The terms with graver, quill, or chisel, stated?
I freely leave the choice to thee.

MEPHIS. Why heat thyself, thus instantly,
With eloquence exaggerated?
Each leaf for such a pact is good;
And to subscribe thy name thou'lt take a drop of blood.

FAUST. If thou therewith art fully satisfied,
So let us by the farce abide.

MEPHIS. Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

FAUST. Fear not that I this pact shall seek to sever!
The promise that I make to thee
Is just the sum of my endeavour.
I have myself inflated all too high;
My proper place is thy estate:

The Mighty Spirit deigns me no reply,
And Nature shuts on me her gate.
(The thread of Thought at last is broken,
And knowledge brings disgust unspoken.)
Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervours of glowing passion !
Let every marvel take form and fashion
Through the impervious veil it wore !
Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance,
In the rush and roll of Circumstance !
Then may delight and distress,
And worry and success,
Alternately follow, as best they can :
Restless activity proves the man !

MEPHIS. For you no bound, no term is set.
Whether you everywhere be trying,
Or snatch a rapid bliss in flying,
May it agree with you, what you get !
Only fall to, and show no timid balking.

FAUST. But thou hast heard, 'tis not of joy we're
talking.

I take the wildering whirl, enjoyment's keenest
pain.

Enamoured hate, exhilarant disdain.
My bosom, of its thirst for knowledge sated,
Shall not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested,
And all of life for all mankind created
Shall be within mine inmost being tested :
The highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,
Shall heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow,

And thus, my own sole self to all their selves expanded,
I too, at last, shall with them all be stranded !

MEPHIS. Believe me, who for many a thousand year
The same tough meat have chewed and tested,
'That from the cradle to the bier
No man the ancient leaven has digested !
Trust one of us, this Whole supernal
Is made but for a God's delight !
He dwells in splendour single and eternal,
But *us* he thrusts in darkness, out of sight,
And *you* he dowers with Day and Night.

FAUST. Nay, but I will !

MEPHIS. A good reply !

One only fear still needs repeating :
(The art is long, the time is fleeting,
Then let thyself be taught, say I !)
Go, league thyself with a poet,
Give the rein to his imagination,
Then wear the crown, and show it,
Of the qualities of his creation,—
The courage of the lion's breed,
The wild stag's speed,
The Italian's fiery blood,
The North's firm fortitude !
Let him find for thee the secret tether
That binds the Noble and Mean together,
And teach thy pulses of youth and pleasure
To love by rule, and hate by measure !
I'd like, myself, such a one to see :
Sir Microcosm his name should be.

FAUST. What am I, then, if 'tis denied my part
The crown of all humanity to win me,
Whereto yearns every sense within me?

MEPHIS. Why, on the whole, thou'rt—what thou
art.

Set wigs of million curls upon thy head, to raise thee,
Wear shoes an ell in height,—the truth betrays thee,
And thou remainest—what thou art.

FAUST. I feel, indeed, that I have made the treasure
Of human thought and knowledge mine, in vain ;
And if I now sit down in restful leisure,
No fount of newer strength is in my brain :
I am no hair's-breadth more in height,
No nearer to the Infinite,

MEPHIS. Good Sir, you see the facts precisely
As they are seen by each and all.
We must arrange them now, more wisely,
Before the joys of life shall pall.
Why, Zounds ! Both hands and feet are, truly—
And head and virile forces—thine :
Yet all that I indulge in newly,
Is't thence less wholly mine ?
If I've six stallions in my stall,
Are not their forces also lent me ?
I speed along, completest man of all,
As though my legs were four-and-twenty.
Take hold, then ! let reflection rest,
And plunge into the world with zest !
I say to thee, a speculative wight
Is like a beast on moorlands lean,

That round and round some fiend misleads to evil plight,
While all about lie pastures fresh and green.

FAUST. Then how shall we begin?

MEPHIS.

We'll try a wider sphere.

What place of martyrdom is here !

Is't life, I ask, is't even prudence,

To bore thyself and bore the students ?

Let Neighbour Paunch to that attend !

Why plague thyself with threshing straw for ever !

The best thou learnest, in the end

Thou dar'st not tell the youngsters—never !

I hear one's footsteps, hither steering.

FAUST. To see him now I have no heart.

MEPHIS. So long the poor boy waits a hearing,
He must not unconsolated depart.

Thy cap and mantle straightway lend me !

I'll play the comedy with art. [*He disguises himself.*]

My wits, be certain, will befriend me.

But fifteen minutes' time is all I need ;

For our fine trip, meanwhile, prepare thyself with speed !

[*Exit FAUST.*]

MEPHIS. (*in FAUST'S long mantle*). Reason and

Knowledge only thou despise,
The highest strength in man that lies !)

Let but the Lying Spirit bind thee

With magic works and shows that blind thee,

And I shall have thee fast and sure !—

Fate such a bold, untrammelled spirit gave him,

As forwards, onwards, ever must endure ;

Whose over-hasty impulse drave him
Past earthly joys he might secure.
Dragged through the wildest life, will I enslave him,
Through flat and stale indifference ;
With struggling, chilling, checking, so deprave him
That, to his hot, insatiate sense,
The dream of drink shall mock, but never lave him :
Refreshment shall his lips in vain implore—
Had he not made himself the Devil's, naught could save
him
Still were he lost for evermore !

A STUDENT enters.

STUD. A short time, only, am I here,
And come, devoted and sincere,
To greet and know the man of fame,
Whom men to me with reverence name.

MEPHIS. Your courtesy doth flatter me :
You see a man, as others be.
Have you, perchance, elsewhere begun ?

STUD. Receive me now, I pray, as one
Who comes to you with courage good,
Somewhat of cash, and healthy blood :
(My mother was hardly willing to let me ;
But knowledge worth having I fain would get me.

MEPHIS. Then you have reached the right place now.

STUD. I'd like to leave it, I must avow ;
I find these walls, these vaulted spaces
Are anything but pleasant places.

'Tis all so cramped and close and mean ;
One sees no tree, no glimpse of green,
And when the lecture-halls receive me,
Seeing, hearing, and thinking leave me.

MEPHIS. All that depends on habitude.
So from its mother's breasts a child
At first, reluctant, takes its food,
But soon to seek them is beguiled.
Thus, at the breasts of Wisdom clinging,
Thou'lt find each day a greater rapture bringing.

STUD. I'll hang thereon with joy, and freely drain
them ;

But tell me, pray, the proper means to gain them.

MEPHIS. Explain, before you further speak,
The special faculty you seek.

STUD. I crave the highest erudition ;
And fain would make my acquisition
All that there is in Earth and Heaven,
In Nature and in Science too.

MEPHIS. Here is the genuine path for you ;
Yet strict attention must be given.

STUD. Body and soul thereon I'll wreak ;
Yet, truly, I've some inclination
On summer holidays to seek
A little freedom and recreation.

MEPHIS. Use well your time ! It flies so swiftly
from us ;

But time through order may be won, I promise.
So, Friend (my views to briefly sum),
First, the *collegium logicum*.

There will **your** mind be drilled and braced,
As if in Spanish boots 'twere laced,
And thus, to graver paces brought,
'Twill plod along the path of thought,
Instead of shooting here and there,
A will-o'-the-wisp in murky air.
Days will be spent to bid you know,
What once you did at a single blow,
Like eating and drinking, free and strong, —
That one, two, three ! thereto belong.
Truly the fabric of mental fleece
Resembles a weaver's masterpiece,
Where a thousand threads one treadle throws,
Where fly the shuttles hither and thither,
Unseen the threads are knit together,
And an infinite combination grows.
Then, the philosopher steps in
And shows, no otherwise it could have been :
The first was so, the second so,
Therefore the third and fourth are so ;
Were not the first and second, then
The third and fourth had never been.
The scholars are everywhere believers,
But never succeed in being weavers.
He who would study organic existence,
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence ;
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,
But the spiritual link is lost, alas !
Encheiresin naturæ, this Chemistry names,³⁸
Nor knows how herself she banters and blames

STUD. I cannot understand you quite.

MEPHIS. Your mind will shortly be set aright,
When you have learned, all things reducing,
To classify them for your using.

STUD. I feel as stupid, from all you've said,
As if a mill-wheel whirled in my head !

MEPHIS. And after—first and foremost duty—
Of Metaphysics learn the use and beauty !

See that you most profoundly gain
What does not suit the human brain !

A splendid word to serve, you'll find
For what goes in—or won't go in—your mind.

But first, at least this half a year,
To order rigidly adhere ;

Five hours a day, you understand,
And when the clock strikes, be on hand !

Prepare beforehand for your part
With paragraphs all got by heart,

So you can better watch, and look
That naught is said but what is in the book :

Yet in thy writing as unwearied be,
As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee !

STUD. No need to tell me twice to do it !
I think, how useful 'tis to write ;

For what one has, in black and white,
One carries home and then goes through it.

MEPHIS. Yet choose thyself a faculty !

STUD. I cannot reconcile myself to Jurisprudence.

MEPHIS. Nor can I therefore greatly blame you
students ;

I know what science this has come to be.
All rights and laws are still transmitted
Like an eternal sickness of the race,—
From generation unto generation fitted,
And shifted round from place to place.
Reason becomes a sham, Beneficence a worry :
Thou art a grandchild, therefore woe to thee !
The right born with us, ours in verity,
This to consider, there's, alas ! no hurry.

STUD. My own disgust is strengthened by your
speech :

O lucky he, whom you shall teach !
I've almost for Theology decided.

MEPHIS. I should not wish to see you here misguided :
For, as regards this science, let me hint
'Tis very hard to shun the false direction ;
There's so much secret poison lurking in 't,
So like the medicine, it baffles your detection.
Hear, therefore, one alone, for that is best, in sooth
And simply take your master's words for truth.
On *words* let your attention centre !
(Then through the safest gate you'll enter
The temple-halls of Certainty.

STUD. Yet in the word must some idea be.

MEPHIS. Of course ! But only shun too over-sharp
a tension,

For just where fails the comprehension,
A word steps promptly in as deputy.
With words 'tis excellent disputing ;
Systems to words 'tis easy suiting ;

On words 'tis excellent believing ;
No word can ever lose a jot from thieving.

STUD. Pardon ! With many questions I detain you,
Yet must I trouble you again.

Of Medicine I still would fain

Hear one strong word that might explain you.

Three years is but a little space,

And, God ! who can the field embrace ?

If one some index could be shown,

'Twere easier groping forward, truly.

MEPHIS. (*aside*). I'm tired enough of this dry
tone,—

Must play the Devil again, and fully. [Aloud.

To grasp the spirit of Medicine is easy :

Learn of the great and little world your fill,

To let it go at last, so please ye,

Just as God will !

In vain that through the realms of science you may
drift ;

Each one learns only—just what learn he can :

Yet he who grasps the Moment's gift,

He is the proper man.

Well-made you are, 'tis not to be denied

The rest a bold address will win you ;

If you but in yourself confide,

At once confide all others in you.

To lead the women, learn the special feeling !

Their everlasting aches and groans,

In thousand tones,

Have all one source, one mode of healing ;

And if your acts are half discreet,
You'll always have them at your feet.
A title first must draw and interest them,
And show that yours all other arts exceeds;
Then, as a greeting, you are free to touch and test them,
While, thus to do, for years another pleads.
You press and count the pulse's dances,
And then, with burning sidelong glances,
You clasp the swelling hips, to see
If tightly laced her corsets be.

STUD. That's better, now! The How and Where,
one sees.

MEPHIS. My worthy friend, grey are all theories,
And green alone Life's golden tree.

STUD. I swear to you, 'tis like a dream to me.
Might I again presume, with trust unbounded,
To hear your wisdom thoroughly expounded?

MEPHIS. Most willingly, to what extent I may.

STUD. I cannot really go away:
Allow me that my album first I reach you,—
Grant me this favour, I beseech you!

MEPHIS. Assuredly. [*He writes, and returns the book.*]

STUD. (*reads*). *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*

[*Closes the book with reverence, and withdraws.*]

MEPHIS. Follow the ancient text, and the snake
thou wast ordered to trample!
With all thy likeness to God, thou'lt yet be a sorry
example!

FAUST *enters.*

FAUST. Now, whither shall we go ?

MEPHIS. As best it pleases thee.

The little world, and then the great, we'll see.³⁹

With what delight, what profit winning,

Shalt thou sponge through the term beginning !

FAUST. Yet with the flowing beard I wear,

Both ease and grace will fail me there.

The attempt, indeed, were a futile strife ;

I never could learn the ways of life.

I feel so small before others, and thence

Should always find embarrassments.⁴⁰

MEPHIS. My friend, thou soon shalt lose all such
misgiving :

Be thou but self-possessed, thou hast the art of living !

FAUST. How shall we leave the house, and start ?

Where hast thou servant, coach and horses ?

MEPHIS. We'll spread this cloak with proper art,

Then through the air direct our courses.

But only, on so bold a flight,

Be sure to have thy luggage light.

A little burning air, which I shall soon prepare us,

Above the earth will nimbly bear us,

And, if we're light, we'll travel swift and clear :

I gratulate thee on thy new career !

V.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.⁴¹

Carousal of Jolly Companions.

FROSC. Is no one laughing? no one drinking?
I'll teach you how to grin, I'm thinking.
To-day you're like wet straw, so tame;
And usually you're all aflame.

BRANDER. Now that's your fault; from you we
nothing see,
No beastliness and no stupidity.

FROSC. (*Pours a glass of wine over BRANDER'S
head*). There's both together!

BRANDER. Twice a swine!

FROSC. You wanted them: I've given you mine.

SIEBEL. Turn out who quarrels—out the door!
With open throat sing chorus, drink and roar!
Up! holla! ho!

ALTMAYER. Woe's me, the fearful bellow!
Bring cotton, quick! He's split my ears, that fellow.

SIEBEL. When the vault echoes to the song,
One first perceives the bass is deep and strong

FROSCH. Well said ! and out with him that takes the least offence !

Ah, tara, lara, da !

ALTMAYER. *Ah, tara, lara, da !*

FROSCH. The throats are tuned, commence ! [*Sings.*

*The dear old holy Roman realm,
How does it hold together ?*

BRANDER. A nasty song ! Fie ! a political song—
A most offensive song ! Thank God, each morning,
therefore,

That you have not the Roman realm to care for !

At least, I hold it so much gain for me,

That I nor Chancellor nor Kaiser be.

Yet also we must have a ruling head, I hope,

And so we'll choose ourselves a Pope.

You know the quality that can

Decide the choice, and elevate the man.

FROSCH (*sings*). *Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale !⁴²
Ten thousand times my sweetheart hail !*

SIEBEL. No, greet my sweetheart not ! I tell you, I'll
resent it.

FROSCH. My sweetheart greet and kiss ! I dare you
to prevent it ! [*Sings.*

Draw the latch ! the darkness makes :

Draw the latch ! the lover wakes.

Shut the latch ! the morning breaks.

SIEBEL. Yes, sing away, sing on, and praise, and brag
of her !

I'll wait my proper time for laughter :

Me by the nose she lead, and now she'll lead you after.
Her paramour should be an ugly gnome,
Where four roads cross, in wanton play to meet her :
An old he-goat, from Blocksberg coming home,
Should his good-night in lustful gallop bleat her !
A fellow made of genuine flesh and blood
Is for the wench a deal too good.
Greet her? Not I : unless, when meeting,
To smash her windows be a greeting !

BRANDER (*pounding on the table*). Attention ! Harken
now to me !

Confess, Sirs, I know how to live.
Enamoured persons here have we,
And I, as suits their quality,
Must something fresh for their advantage give.
Take heed ! 'Tis of the latest cut, my strain,
And all strike in at each refrain ! [*He sings.*]

There was a rat in the cellar-nest,
Whom fat and butter made smoother :
He had a paunch beneath his vest
Like that of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison cunningly,
And then as sore oppressed was he
As if he had love in his bosom.

CHORUS (*shouting*). As if he had love in his bosom !

BRANDER. He ran around, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving ;
He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,
But nothing cured his raving.
He whirled and jumped, with torment mad,

And soon enough the poor beast had,
As if he had love in his bosom.

CHORUS. As if he had love in his bosom !

BRANDER. And driven at last, in open day,
He ran into the kitchen,
Fell on the hearth, and squirming lay,
In the last convulsion twitching.
Then laughed the murderess in her glee :
" Ha ! ha ! he's at his last gasp," said she,
" As if he had love in his bosom !"

CHORUS. As if he had love in his bosom !

SIEBEL. How the dull fools enjoy the matter !
To me it is a proper art
Poison for such poor rats to scatter.

BRANDER. Perhaps you'll warmly take their part ?

ALTMAYER. The bald-pate pot-belly I have noted :
Misfortune tames him by degrees ;
For in the rat by poison bloated
His own most natural form he sees.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHIS. Before all else, I bring thee hither
Where boon companions meet together,
To let thee see how smooth life runs away.
Here, for the folk, each day's a holiday :
With little wit, and ease to suit them,
They whirl in narrow, circling trails,
Like kittens playing with their tails ;
And if no headache persecute them,

So long the host may credit give,
They merrily and careless live.

BRANDER. The fact is easy to unravel,
Their air's so odd, they've just returned from travel :
A single hour they've not been here.

FROSCH. You've verily hit the truth ! Leipzig to me
is dear ;
Paris in miniature, how it refines its people !

SIEBEL. Who are the strangers, should you guess ?

FROSCH. Let me alone ! I'll set them first to
drinking,

And then, as one a child's tooth draws, with cleverness,
I'll worm their secret out, I'm thinking.

They're of a noble house, that's very clear :
Haughty and discontented they appear.

BRANDER. They're mountebanks, upon a revel.

ALTMAYER. Perhaps.

FROSCH. Look out, I'll smoke them now.

MEPHIS. (*to* FAUST). Not if he had them by the neck,
I vow,

Would e'er these people scent the Devil !

FAUST. Fair greeting, gentlemen !

SIEBEL. Our thanks : we give the same.

[*Murmurs, inspecting* MEPHIS. *from the side,*

In one foot is the fellow lame ?

MEPHIS. Is it permitted that we share your leisure ?
In place of cheering drink, which one seeks vainly here,
Your company shall give us pleasure.

ALTMAYER. A most fastidious person you appear.

FROSCH. No doubt 'twas late when you from Rippach
started ? ⁴³

And supping there with Hans occasioned your delay ?

MEPHIS. We passed, without a call, to-day.

At our last interview, before we parted

Much of his cousins did he speak, entreating

That we should give to each his kindly greeting.

[*He bows to FROSCH.*

ALTMAYER. (*aside*). You have it now ! he understands.

SIEBEL.

A knave sharp-set !

FROSCH. Just wait awhile : I'll have him yet.

MEPHIS. If I am right, we heard the sound

Of well-trained voices, singing chorus ;

And truly, song must here rebound

Superbly from the arches o'er us.

FROSCH. Are you, perhaps, a virtuoso ?

MEPHIS. O no ! my wish is great, my power is only
so-so.

ALTMAYER. Give us a song !

MEPHIS.

If you desire, a number.

SIEBEL. So that it be a bran-new strain !

MEPHIS. We've just retraced our way from Spain,

The lovely land of wine, and song, and slumber. [*Sings.*

There was a king once reigning,

Who had a big black flea—

FROSCH. Hear, hear ! A flea ! D'ye rightly take
the jest ?

I call a flea a tidy guest.

MEPHIS. (*sings*). There was a king once reigning,
Who had a big black flea,
And loved him past explaining,
As his own son were he.
He called his man of stitches ;
The tailor came straightway :
Here, measure the lad for breeches,
And measure his coat, I say !

ERANDER. But mind, allow the tailor no caprices :
Enjoin upon him, as his head is dear,
To most exactly measure, sew and shear,
So that the breeches have no creases !

MEPHIS. In silk and velvet gleaming
He now was wholly drest—
Had a coat with ribbons streaming,
A cross upon his breast.
He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name ;
And also all his relations
Great lords at court became.

And the lords and ladies of honour
Were plagued, awake and in bed ;
The queen she got them upon her,
The maids were bitten and bled.
And they did nor dare to brush them,
Or scratch them, day or night :
We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite.

CHORUS (*shouting*). We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite !

FROSCH. Bravo ! bravo ! that was fine.

SIEBEL. Every flea may it so befall !

BRANDER. Point your fingers and nip them all !

ALTMAYER. Hurrah for Freedom ! Hurrah for wine !

MEPHIS. I fain would drink with you, my glass to
Freedom clinking,

If 'twere better wine that here I see you drinking.

SIEBEL. Don't let us hear that speech again !

MEPHIS. Did I not fear the landlord might complain,
I'd treat these worthy guests, with pleasure,
To some from out our cellar's treasure.

SIEBEL. Just treat, and let the landlord me arraign !

FROSCH. And if the wine be good, our praises shall be
ample.

But do not give too very small a sample ;

For, if its quality I decide,

With a good mouthful I must be supplied.

ALTMAYER (*aside*). They're from the Rhine ! I guessed
as much, before.

MEPHIS. Bring me a gimlet here !

BRANDER. What shall therewith be done ?

You've not the casks already at the door ?

ALTMAYER. Yonder, within the landlord's box of
tools, there's one !

MEPHIS. (*takes the gimlet*). (*To FROSCH.*) Now, give
me of your taste some intimation.

FROSCH. How do you mean ? Have you so many
kinds ?

MEPHIS. The choice is free : make up your minds.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*). Aha ! you lick your chops from sheer anticipation.

FROSCH. Good ! if I have the choice, so let the wine be Rhenish !

Our Fatherland can best the sparkling cup replenish.

MEPHIS. (*boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where FROSCH sits*). Get me a little wax, to make the stoppers, quick !

ALTMAYER. Ah ! I perceive a juggler's trick.

MEPHIS. (*to BRANDER*). And you ?

BRANDER. Champagne shall be my wine,
And let it sparkle fresh and fine !

[MEPHIS. bores : *in the meantime one has made the wax stoppers and plugged the holes with them.*

What's foreign one can't always keep quite clear of,
For good things, oft, are not so near ;
A German can't endure the French to see or hear of,
Yet drinks their wines with hearty cheer.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHIS. approaches his seat*). For me,
I grant, sour wine is out of place ;
Fill up my glass with sweetest, will you ?

MEPHIS. (*boring*). Tokay shall flow at once, to fill you !

ALTMAYER. No—look me, Sirs, straight in the face !
I see you have your fun at our expense.

MEPHIS. O no ! with gentlemen of such pretence,
That were to venture far, indeed.

Speak out, and make your choice with speed !

With what a vintage can I serve you ?

ALTMAYER. With any—only satisfy our need.

[After the holes have been bored and plugged.]

MEPHIS. *(with singular gestures)*. Grapes the vine-
stem bears,

Horns the he-goat wears !

The grapes are juicy, the vines are wood,

The wooden table gives wine as good !

Into the depths of Nature peer,—

Only believe, there's a miracle here !

Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill !⁴³

ALL *(as they draw out the stoppers, and the wine which
has been desired flows into the glass of each)*. O
beautiful fountain, that flows at will !

MEPHIS. But have a care, that you nothing spill !

[They drink repeatedly.]

ALL *(sing)*. As 'twere five hundred hogs, we feel
So cannibalic jolly !

MEPHIS. See, now, the race is happy—it is free !

FAUST. To leave them is my inclination.

MEPHIS. Take notice, first ! their bestiality
Will make a brilliant demonstration.

SIEBEL *(drinks carelessly : the wine spills upon the
earth, and turns to flame)*. Help ! Fire ! Help !
Hell-fire is sent !

MEPHIS. *(charming away the flame)*. Be quiet, friendly
element ! *[To the revellers.]*

A bit of purgatory 'twas for this time, merely.

SIEBEL. What mean you? Wait!—you'll pay for't
dearly!

You'll know us, to your detriment.

FROSCH. Don't try that game a second time upon us!

ALTMAYER. I think we'd better send him packing
quietly.

SIEBEL. What, Sir! you dare to make so free,
And play your hocus-pocus on us!

MEPHIS. Be still, old wine-tub.

SIEBEL. Broomstick, you!
You face it out, impertinent and heady?

BRANDER. Just wait! a shower of blows is ready.

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table: fire flies
in his face*). I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL. 'Tis magic! Strike—
The knave is outlawed! Cut him as you like!

[*They draw their knives, and rush upon MEPHIS.*]

MEPHIS. (*with solemn gestures*). False word and form
of air,
Change place, and sense ensnare!
Be here—and there!

[*They stand amazed, and look at each other.*]

ALTMAYER. Where am I? What a lovely land!

FROSCH. Vines? Can I trust my eyes?

SIEBEL. And purple grapes at hand!

BRANDER. Here, over this green arbour bending,
See, what a vine! what grapes depending!

[He takes SIEBEL by the nose : the others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.]

MEPHIS. (*as above*). Loose, Error, from their eyes the band,
And how the Devil jests, be now enlightened !

[He disappears with FAUST : the revellers start and separate.]

SIEBEL. What happened ?

ALTMAYER. How ?

FROSCH. Was that your nose I tightened ?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*). And yours that still I have in hand ?

ALTMAYER. It was a blow that went through every limb !

Give me a chair ! I sink ! my senses swim.

FROSCH. But what has happened, tell me now ?

SIEBEL. Where is he ? If I catch the scoundrel hiding, He shall not leave alive, I vow.

ALTMAYER. I saw him with these eyes upon a wine-cask riding
Out of the cellar-door, just now.
Still in my feet the fright like lead is weighing.

[He turns towards the table.]

Why ! If the fount of wine should still be playing ?

SIEBEL. 'Twas all deceit, and lying, false design !

FROSCH. And yet it seemed as I were drinking wine.

BRANDER. But with the grapes how was it, pray ?

ALTMAYER. Shall one believe no miracles, just say !

VI.

WITCHES' KITCHEN.⁴⁴

Upon a low hearth stands a great caldron, under which a fire is burning. Various figures appear in the vapours which rise from the caldron. An ape sits beside it, skims it, and watches lest it boil over. The he-ape, with the young ones, sits near and warms himself. Ceiling and walls are covered with the most fantastic witch-implements.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. These crazy signs of witches' craft repel me !
I shall recover, dost thou tell me,
Through this insane, chaotic play?
From an old hag shall I demand assistance?
And will her foul mess take away
Full thirty years from my existence?⁴⁵
Woe's me, canst thou naught better find !
Another baffled hope must be lamented :
Has Nature, then, and has a noble mind
Not any potent balsam yet invented ?

MEPHIS. Once more, my friend, thou talkest sensibly.
There is, to make thee young, a simpler mode and apter ;
But in another book 'tis writ for thee,
And is a most eccentric chapter.

FAUST. Yet will I know it.

MEPHIS. Good ! the method is revealed
Without or gold or magic or physician.
Betake thyself to yonder field,
There hoe and dig, as thy condition ;
Restrain thyself, thy sense and will
Within a narrow sphere to flourish ;
With unmixed food thy body nourish ;
Live with the ox as ox, and think it not a theft
That thou manur'st the acre which thou reapest ;—
That, trust me, is the best mode left,
Whereby for eighty years thy youth thou keepest !

FAUST. I am not used to that ; I cannot stoop to try
it—

To take the spade in hand, and ply it.
The narrow being suits me not at all.

MEPHIS. Then to thine aid the witch must call.

FAUST. Wherefore the hag, and her alone ?
Canst thou thyself not brew the potion ?

MEPHIS. That were a charming sport, I own :
I'd build a thousand bridges meanwhile, I've a notion.
Not Art and Science serve, alone ;
Patience must in the work be shown.
Long is the calm brain active in creation ;
Time, only, strengthens the fine fermentation.
And all, belonging thereunto,

Is rare and strange, howe'er you take it :
The Devil taught the thing, 'tis true,
And yet the Devil cannot make it.

[*Perceiving the Animals.*

See, what a delicate race they be !
That is the maid ! the man is he ! [*To the Animals.*
It seems the mistress has gone away ?

THE ANIMALS. Carousing, to-day !
Off and about,
By the chimney out !

MEPHIS. What time takes she for dissipating ?

THE ANIMALS. While we to warm our paws are
waiting.

MEPHIS. (*to* FAUST). How findest thou the tender
creatures ?

FAUST. Absurder than I ever yet did see.

MEPHIS. Why, just such talk as this, for me,
Is that which has the most attractive features !

[*To the Animals.*

But tell me now, ye curséd puppets,
Why do ye stir the porridge so ?

THE ANIMALS. We're cooking watery soup for beggars.

MEPHIS. Then a great public you can show.

THE HE-APE (*comes up and fawns on* MEPHIS).

O cast thou the dice !
Make me rich in a trice,
Let me win in good season !

SCENE VI.

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Things are badly controlled,
And had I but gold,
So had I my reason.

MEPHIS. How would the ape be sure his luck enhances,
Could he but try the lottery's chances !

[In the meantime the young apes have been playing with a large ball, which they now roll forward.]

THE HE-APE. The world's the ball :
Doth rise and fall,
And roll incessant :
Like glass doth ring,
A hollow thing,—
How soon will't spring,
And drop, quiescent ?
Here bright it gleams,
Here brighter seems :
I live at present !
Dear son, I say,
Keep thou away !
Thy doom is spoken !
'Tis made of clay,
And will be broken.

MEPHIS. What means the sieve ?

THE HE-APE (*taking it down*). Wert thou the thief,^{45 *}
I'd know him and shame him.

[He runs to the SHE-APE, and lets her look through it.]

SCENE VI.

Look through the sieve !
Know'st thou the thief,
And dar'est not name him ?

MEPHIS. (*approaching the fire*). And what's this pot ?

HE-APE AND SHE-APE. The fool knows it not !

He knows not the pot,
He knows not the kettle !

MEPHIS. Impertinent beast !

THE HE-APE. Take the brush here, at least,
And sit down on the settle !

[*He invites MEPHIS. to sit down.*]

FAUST (*who during all this time has been standing before a mirror, now approaching and now retreating from it*).

What do I see ? What heavenly form revealed
Shows through the glass from Magic's fair dominions :
O lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy pinions,
And bear me to her beauteous field !
Ah, if I leave this spot with fond designing,
If I attempt to venture near,
Dim, as through gathering mist, her charms appear !—
A woman's form, in beauty shining !
Can woman, then, so lovely be ?
And must I find her body, there reclining,
Of all the heavens the bright epitome ?
Can Earth with such a thing be mated ?

MEPHIS. Why, surely, if a God first plagues Himself
six days,
Then, self-contented, *Bravo !* says,

Must something clever be created.
This time, thine eyes be satiate !
I'll yet detect thy sweetheart and ensnare her,
And blest is he, who has the lucky fate,
Some day, as bridegroom, home to bear her.

[FAUST gazes continually in the mirror. MEPHIS.
*stretching himself out on the settle, and
playing with the brush, continues to speak.*

So sit I, like the King upon his throne :
I hold the sceptre, here,—and lack the crown alone.

THE ANIMALS (*who up to this time have been making
all kinds of fantastic movements together, bring
a crown to MEPHIS. with great noise*).

O be thou so good,
With sweat and with blood,
The crown to belime !

[*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it
into two pi ces, with which they spring around.*

'Tis done, let it be !
We speak and we see,
We hear and we rhyme !

FAUST (*before the mirror*). Woe's me ! I fear to lose
my wits.

MEPHIS. (*pointing to the Animals*). My own head
now, is really nigh to sinking.

THE ANIMALS. If lucky our hits,
And everything fits,
'Tis thoughts, and we're thinking !

FAUST (*as above*). My bosom burns with that sweet
vision ;

Let us, with speed, away from here !

MEPHIS. (*in the same attitude*). One must, at least,
make this admission—

They're poets, genuine and sincere.

[*The caldron, which the SHE-APE has up to this time neglected to watch, begins to boil over : there ensues a great flame which blazes up the chimney. The WITCH comes careering down through the flame, with terrible cries.*

THE WITCH. Ow ! ow ! ow ! ow !
The damnéd beast—the curséd sow !
To leave the kettle, and singe the Frau !
Accurséd fera !

[*Perceiving* FAUST and MEPHIS.

What is that here ?
Who are you here ?
What want you thus ?
Who sneaks to us ?
The fire pain
Burn bone and brain !

[*She plunges the skimming-ladle in the caldron, and scatters flames towards FAUST, MEPHIS-TOPHELES, and the Animals. The Animals whimper.*

MEPHIS. (*reversing the brush, which he has been holding in his hand, and striking among the jars and glasses*).

In two ! in two !
There lies the brew !
There lies the glass !
The joke will pass,
As time, foul ass !
To the singing of thy crew.

[*As the WITCH starts back, full of wrath and horror :*

Ha ! knows't thou me ? Abomination, thou !
Know'st thou, at last, thy Lord and Master ?
What hinders me from smiting now
Thee and thy monkey-sprites with fell disaster ?
Hast for the scarlet coat no reverence ?
Dost recognise no more the tall cock's-feather ?
Have I concealed this countenance ?—
Must tell my name, old face of leather ?

THE WITCH. O pardon, Sir, the rough salute !
Yet I perceive no cloven foot ;
And both your ravens, where are *they* now ?

MEPHIS. This time, I'll let thee 'scape the debt ;
For since we two together met,
'Tis verily full many a day now.
Culture, which smooth the whole world licks,
Also unto the Devil sticks.
The days of that old Northern phantom now are over ;

Where canst thou horns and tail and claws discover ?
And, as regards the foot, which I can't spare, in truth.
'Twould only make the people shun me ;
Therefore I've worn, like many a spindly youth,
False calves these many years upon me.

THE WITCH (*dancing*). Reason and sense forsake
my brain,
Since I behold Squire Satan here again !

MEPHIS. Woman, from such a name refrain !

THE WITCH. Why so ? What has it done to thee ?

MEPHIS. It's long been written in the Book of Fable ;
Yet, therefore, no whit better men we see :
The Evil One has left, the evil ones are stable.
Sir Baron call me thou, then is the-matter good ;
A cavalier am I, like others in my bearing.
Thou hast no doubt about my noble blood :
See, here's the coat-of-arms that I am wearing !

[*He makes an indecent gesture.*]

THE WITCH (*laughs immoderately*). Ha ! ha ! That's
just your way, I know :
A rogue you are, and you were always so.

MEPHIS. (*to FAUST*). My friend, take proper heed, I
pray !
To manage witches, this is just the way.

THE WITCH. Wherein, Sirs, can I be of use ?

MEPHIS. Give us a goblet of the well-known juice !
Put, I must beg you, of the oldest brewage ;
The years a double strength produce.

THE WITCH. With all my heart ! Now, here's a bottle,

Wherefrom, sometimes, I wet my throttle,
Which, also, not the slightest, stinks ;
And willingly a glass I'll fill him. [*Whispering.*

Yet, if this man without due preparation drinks,
As well thou know'st, within an hour 'twill kill him.

MEPHIS. He is a friend of mine, with whom it will agree,

And he deserves thy kitchen's best potation :
Come, draw thy circle, speak thine adjuration,
And fill thy goblet full and free !

[*The WITCH with fantastic gestures draws a circle and places mysterious articles therein ; meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and make a musical accompaniment. Finally she brings a great book, and stations in the circle the Apes, who are obliged to serve as reading-desk, and to hold the torches. She then beckons FAUST to approach.*

FAUST (to MEPHIS.). Now, what shall come of this?
the creatures antic,

The crazy stuff, the gestures frantic,—
All the repulsive cheats I view,—
Are known to me, and hated, too.

MEPHIS. O, nonsense ! That's a thing for laughter ;
Don't be so terribly severe !

She juggles you as doctor now, that, after,
The beverage may work the proper cheer.

[*He persuades FAUST to step into the circle.*

THE WITCH (*begins to declaim, with much emphasis from the book*). See, thus it's done !

Make ten of one,
And two let be,
Make even three,
And rich thou'lt be.
Cast o'er the four !
From five and six
(The witch's tricks)
Make seven and eight,
'Tis finished straight !
And mine is one,
And ten is none.
This is the witch's once-one's-one !⁴⁶

FAUST. She talks like one who raves in fever.

MEPHIS. Thou'lt hear much more before we leave her.
'Tis all the same : the book I can repeat,
Such time I've squandered o'er the history :
A contradiction thus complete
Is always for the wise, no less than fools, a mystery.
The art is old and new, for verily
All ages have been taught the matter,—
By Three and One, and One and Three,
Error instead of Truth to scatter.
They prate and teach, and no one interferes ;

All from the fellowship of fools are shrinking.
Man usually believes, if only words he hears,
That also with them goes material for thinking !

THE WITCH (*continues*). The lofty skill
Of Science, still
From all men deeply hidden !
Who takes no thought,
To him 'tis brought,
'Tis given unsought, unbidden !

FAUST. What nonsense she declaims before us !
My head is nigh to split, I fear :
It seems to me as if I hear
A hundred thousand fools in chorus.

MEPHIS. O Sibyl excellent, enough of adjuration !
But hither bring us thy potation,
And quickly fill the beaker to the brim !
This drink will bring my friend no injuries :
He is a man of manifold degrees,
And many draughts are known to him.

[*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup ; as FAUST sets it to his lips, a light flame arises.*

Down with it quickly ! Drain it off !
'Twill warm thy heart with new desire :
Art with the Devil hand and glove,
And wilt thou be afraid of fire ?

The WITCH breaks the circle : FAUST steps forth.

MEPHIS. And now, away ! Thou dar'st not rest.

THE WITCH. And much good may the liquor do thee !

MEPHIS. (*to the WITCH*). Thy wish be on Walpurgis
Night expressed ;

What boon I have, shall then be given unto thee.

THE WITCH. Here is a song, which, if you sometimes
sing,

You'll find it of peculiar operation.

MEPHIS. (*to FAUST*). Come, walk at once ! A rapid
occupation

Must start the needful perspiration,

And through thy frame the liquor's potency fling.

The noble indolence I'll teach thee then to treasure,

And soon thou'lt be aware, with keenest thrills of
pleasure,

How Cupid stirs and leaps, on light and restless wing.

FAUST. One rapid glance within the mirror give me,
How beautiful that woman-form !

MEPHIS No, no ! The paragon of all, believe me,
Thou soon shalt see, alive and warm. [*Aside.*
Thou'lt find, this drink thy blood compelling,
Each woman beautiful as Helen !

VII.

A STREET.

FAUST. MARGARET *passing by*.

FAUST. Fair lady, let it not offend you,
That arm and escort I would lend you !

MARG.⁴⁷ I'm neither lady, neither fair,
[She releases herself, and exit.]

And home I can go without your care.

FAUST. By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair !
Of all I've seen, beyond compare ;
So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little pert, be sure !
The lip so red, the cheek's clear dawn,
I'll not forget while the world rolls on !
How she cast down her timid eyes,
Deep in my heart imprinted lies :
How short and sharp of speech was she,
Why, 'twas a real ecstasy !

MEPHISTO. *enters.*

FAUST. Hear, of that girl I'd have possession !

MEPHIS. Which, then ?

FAUST. The one who just went by

MEPHIS. She, there ? She's coming from confession,
Of every sin absolved ; for I,
Behind her chair, was listening nigh,
So innocent is she, indeed,
That to confess she had no need.
I have no power o'er souls so green.

FAUST. And yet, she's older than fourteen.

MEPHIS. How now ! You're talking like Jack Rake,
Who every flower for himself would take,
And fancies there are no favours more,
Nor honours, save for him in store ;
Yet always doesn't the thing succeed.

FAUST. Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed !
Let not a word of moral law be spoken !
I claim, I tell thee, all my right ;
And if that image of delight
Rest not within mine arms to-night,
At midnight is our compact broken.

MEPHIS. But think, the chances of the case !
I need, at least, a fortnight's space,
To find an opportune occasion.

FAUST. Had I but seven hours for all,
I should not on the Devil call,
But win her by my own persuasion.

MEPHIS. You almost like a Frenchman prate ;
Yet pray don't take it as annoyance !
Why, all at once, exhaust the joyance ?
Your bliss is by no means so great
As if you'd use, to get control,
All sorts of tender rigmarole,

And knead and shape her to your thought,
As in Italian tales 'tis taught.

FAUST. Without that, I have appetite.

MEPHIS. But now, leave jesting out of sight !
I tell you, once for all, that speed
With this fair girl will not succeed ;
By storm she cannot captured be ;
We must make use of strategy.

FAUST. Get me something the angel keeps !
Lead me thither where she sleeps !
Get me a kerchief from her breast,—
A garter that her knee has pressed !

MEPHIS. That you may see how much I'd fain
Further and satisfy your pain,
We will no longer lose a minute ;
I'll find her room to-day, and take you in it.

FAUST. And shall I see — possess her ?

MEPHIS.

No !

Unto a neighbour she must go,
And meanwhile thou, alone, mayst glow
With every hope of future pleasure,
Breathing her atmosphere in fullest measure.

FAUST. Can we go thither ?

MEPHIS. 'Tis too early yet.

FAUST. A gift for her I bid thee get ! [Exit.

MEPHIS. Presents at once ? That's good : he's
certain to get at her !

Full many a pleasant place I know,
And treasures, buried long ago :
I must, perforce, look up the matter.

[Exit.

VIII.

EVENING.

A SMALL, NEATLY KEPT CHAMBER.

MARGARET (*plaiting and binding up the braids of her hair*).

I'd something give, could I but say
Who was that gentleman, to-day.
Surely a gallant man was he,
And of a noble family ;
So much could I in his face behold,—
And he wouldn't, else, have been so bold ! [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHIS. Come in, but gently : follow me !

FAUST (*after a moment's silence*). Leave me alone, I
beg of thee !

MEPHIS. (*prying about*). Not every girl keeps things
so neat.

FAUST (*looking around*). O welcome, twilight soft and
sweet,

SCENE VIII.

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That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine !
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine !
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content !
This poverty what bounty blesses !
What bliss within this narrow den is pent !

*[He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair
near the bed.]*

Receive me, thou, that in thine open arms
Departed joy and pain wert wont to gather !
How oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
Hung here, around this throne, where sat the father !
Perchance my love, amid the childish band,
Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.
I feel, O maid ! thy very soul
Of order and content around me whisper,—
Which leads thee with its motherly control,
The cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee unroll,
The sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper.
O dearest hand, to thee 'tis given
To change this hut into a lower heaven !
And here !

[He lifts one of the bed-curtains.]

What sweetest thrill is in my blood !
Here could I spend whole hours, delaying :
Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
The angel blossom from the bud.

Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence
The tender bosom filled and fair,
And here was wrought, through holier, purer presence,
The form diviner beings wear !

And I ? What drew me here with power ?
How deeply am I moved, this hour !
What seek I ? Why so full my heart, and sore ?
Miserable Faust ! I know thee now no more.

Is there a magic vapour here ?
I came, with lust of instant pleasure,
And lie dissolved in dreams of love's sweet leisure !
Are we the sport of every changeful atmosphere ?

And if, this moment, came she in to me,
How would I for the fault atonement render !
How small the giant lout would be,
Prone at her feet, relaxed and tender !

MEPHIS. Be quick ! I see her there, returning.

FAUST. Go ! go ! I never will retreat.

MEPHIS. Here is a casket, not unmeet,
Which elsewhere I have just been earning.
Here, set it in the press, with haste !
I swear, 'twill turn her head, to spy it :
Some baubles I therein had placed,
That you might win another by it.
True, child is child, and play is play.

FAUST. I know not, should I do it ?

MEPHIS.

Ask you, pray ?

Yourself, perhaps, would keep the bubble?
Then I suggest, 'twere fair and just
To spare the lovely day your lust,
And spare to me the further trouble.
You are not miserly, I trust?
I rub my hands, in expectation tender—

[He places the casket in the press, and locks it again.]

Now quick, away !
The sweet young maiden to betray,
So that by wish and will you bend her ;
And you look as though
To the lecture-hall you were forced to go,—
As if stood before you, gray and loath,
Physics and Metaphysics both !
But away !

[Exeunt.]

MARG. *(with a lamp)*. It is so close, so sultry, here !

[She opens the window.]

And yet 'tis not so warm outside.
I feel, I know not why, such fear !—
Would mother came !—where can she bide ?
My body's chill and shuddering,—
I'm but a silly, fearsome thing !

[She begins to sing, while undressing.]

There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,—
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

SCENE VIII.

Naught was to him more precious ;
He drained it at every bout :
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow ;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea :
Then fell his eyelids for ever,
And never more drank he !

*[She opens the press in order to arrange her
clothes, and perceives the casket of jewels.]*

How comes that lovely casket here to me ?

I locked the press, most certainly.

'Tis truly wonderful ! What can within it be ?

Perhaps 'twas brought by someone as a pawn,
And mother gave a loan thereon?
And here there hangs a key to fit :
I have a mind to open it.
What is that ? God in Heaven ! Whence came
Such things ? Never beheld I aught so fair !
Rich ornaments, such as a noble dame
On highest holidays might wear !
How would the pearl-chain suit my hair ?
Ah, who may all this splendour own ?

*[She adorns herself with the jewellery, and
steps before the mirror.]*

Were but the ear-rings mine, alone !
One has at once another air.
What helps one's beauty, youthful blood ?
One may possess them, well and good ;
But none the more do others care.
They praise us half in pity, sure.
To gold still tends,
On gold depends
All, all ! Alas, we poor !

IX.

PROMENADE.

FAUST, *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHIS. By all love ever rejected ! By hell-fire hot
and unsparing !

I wish I knew something worse, that I might use it for
swearing !

FAUST. What ails thee ? What is't gripes thee, elf ?
A face like thine beheld I never.

MEPHIS. I would myself unto the Devil deliver,
If I were not a Devil myself !

FAUST. Thy head is out of order, sadly :
It much becomes thee to be raving madly.

MEPHIS. Just think, the pocket of a priest should get
The trinkets left for Margaret !
The mother saw them, and, instanter,
A secret dread began to haunt her.
Keen scent has she for tainted air ;
She snuffs within her book of prayer,
And smells each article, to see

If sacred or profane it be ;
So here she guessed, from every gem,
That not much blessing came with them.
(" My child," she said, " ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood.
Before the Mother of God we'll lay it ;
With heavenly manna she'll repay it !"
But Mærgaret thought, with sour grimace,
" A gift-horse is not out of place,
And, truly ! godless cannot be
The one who brought such things to me."
A parson came, by the mother bidden :
He saw, at once, where the game was hidden,
And viewed it with a favour stealthy.
He spake : " That is the proper view,—
(Who overcometh, winneth too.
The Holy Church has a stomach healthy :
Hath eaten many a land as forfeit,
And never yet complained of surfeit :
The Church alone, beyond all question,
Has for ill-gotten goods the right digestion."

FAUST. A general practice is the same,
Which Jew and King may also claim.

MEPHIS. Then bagged the spangles, chains, and
rings,
As if but toadstools were the things,
And thanked no less, and thanked no more
Than if a sack of nuts he bore,—
Promised them fullest heavenly pay,
And deeply edified were they.

FAUST. And Margaret ?

MEPHIS. Sits unrestful still,
And knows not what she should, or will ;
Thinks on the jewels, day and night,
But more on him who gave her such delight.

FAUST. The darling's sorrow gives me pain.
Get thou a set for her again !
The first was not a great display.

MEPHIS. O yes, the gentleman finds it all child's-
play !

FAUST. Fix and arrange it to my will ;
And on her neighbour try thy skill !
Don't be a Devil stiff as paste,
But get fresh jewels to her taste !

MEPHIS. Yes, gracious Sir, in all obedience !

Such an enamoured fool in air would blow
Sun, moon, and all the starry legions,
To give his sweetheart a diverting show. [Exit FAUST.
[Exit.

X.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA (*solus*).

MARTHA. God forgive my husband, yet he
Hasn't done his duty by me !
Off in the world he went straightway,—
Left me lie in the straw where I lay,
And, truly, I did naught to fret him :
God knows I loved, and can't forget him ! [*She weeps.*
(Perhaps he's even dead ! Ah, woe !—
I had I a certificate to show !

MARG. (*comes*). Dame Martha !

MARTHA. Margaret ! what's happened thee ?

MARG. I scarce can stand, my knees are trembling !
I find a box, the first resembling,
Within my press ! Of ebony,—
And things, all splendid to behold,
And richer far than were the old.

MARTHA. You mustn't tell it to your mother !
'Twould go to the priest, as did the other.

MARG. Ah, look and see—just look and see !

MARTHA (*adorning her*). O, what a blessed luck for thee !

MARG. But, ah ! in the streets I dare not bear them,
Nor in the church be seen to wear them.

MARTHA. Yet thou canst often this way wander,
And secretly the jewels don,
Walk up and down an hour, before the mirror yonder,—
We'll have our private joy thereon.
And then a chance will come, a holiday,
When, piece by piece, can one the things abroad display,
A chain at first, then other ornament :
Thy mother will not see, and stories we'll invent.

MARG. Whoever could have brought me things so precious ?

That something's wrong, I feel suspicious. [*A knock.*
Good Heaven ! My mother can that have been ?

MARTHA (*peeping through the blind*). 'Tis some strange gentleman.—Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

MEPHIS. That I so boldly introduce me,
I beg you, ladies, to excuse me.

[*Steps back reverently, on seeing MARG.*

For Martha Schwerdtlein I'd inquire !

MARTHA. I'm she : what does the gentleman desire ?

MEPHIS. (*aside to her*). It is enough that you are she :
You've a visitor of high degree.
Pardon the freedom I have ta'en,—
Will after noon return again.

MARTHA (*aloud*). Of all things in the world ! Just hear—

He takes thee for a lady, dear !

MARG. I am a creature young and poor :
The gentleman's too kind, I'm sure.
The jewels don't belong to me.

MEPHIS. Ah, not alone the jewelry !
The look, the manner, both betray—
Rejoiced am I that I may stay !

MARTHA. What is your business ? I would fain—

MEPHIS. I would I had a more cheerful strain !
Take not unkindly its repeating :
Your husband's dead, and sends a greeting.

MARTHA. Is dead ? Alas, that heart so true !
My husband dead ! Let me die, too !

MARG. Ah, dearest dame, let not your courage fail !

MEPHIS. Hear me relate the mournful tale !

MARG. Therefore I'd never love, believe me !
A loss like this to death would grieve me.

MEPHIS. Joy follows woe, woe after joy comes flying.

MARTHA. Relate his life's sad close to me !

MEPHIS. In Padua buried, he is lying
Beside the good Saint Antony,⁴⁸
Within a grave well consecrated,
For cool, eternal rest created.

MARTHA. He gave you, further, no commission ?

MEPHIS. Yes, one of weight, with many sighs :
Three hundred masses buy, to save him from perdition !
My hands are empty, otherwise.

MARTHA. What ! Not a pocket-piece ? no jewelry ?
What every journeyman within his wallet spares,
And as a token with him bears,
And rather starves or begs, than loses ?

MEPHIS. Madam, it is a grief to me ;
Yet, on my word, his cash was put to proper uses.
Besides, his penitence was very sore,
And he lamented his ill fortune all the more.

MARG. Alack, that men are so unfortunate !
Surely for his soul's sake full many a prayer I'll proffer.

MEPHIS. You well deserve a speedy marriage-offer :
You are so kind, compassionate.

MARG. O, no ! As yet, it would not do.

MEPHIS. If not a husband, then a beau for you !
It is the greatest heavenly blessing,
To have a dear thing for one's caressing.

MARG. The country's custom is not so.

MEPHIS. Custom, or not ! It happens, though.

MARTHA. Continue, pray !

MEPHIS. I stood beside his bed of dying.
'Twas something better than manure,—
Half-rotten straw : and yet, he died a Christian, sure,
And found that heavier scores to his account were
lying.

He cried : " I find my conduct wholly hateful !
To leave my wife, my trade, in manner so ungrateful !
Ah, the remembrance makes me die !
Would of my wrong to her I might be shriven ! "

MARTHA (*weeping*). The dear, good man ! Long
since was he forgiven.

MEPHIS. "Yet she, God knows ! was more to blame than I."

MARTHA. He lied ! What ! On the brink of death he slandered ?

MEPHIS. In the last throes his senses wandered,
If I such things but half can judge.
He said : " I had no time for play, for gaping freedom :
First children, and then work for bread to feed 'em,—
For bread, in the widest sense, to drudge,
And could not even eat my share in peace and quiet ! "

MARTHA. Had he all love, all faith forgotten in his riot ?

My work and worry, day and night ?

MEPHIS. Not so : the memory of it touched him quite.
Said he : " When I from Malta went away
My prayers for wife and little ones were zealous,
And such a luck from Heaven besel us,
We made a Turkish merchantman our prey,
That to the Soldan bore a mighty treasure.
Then I received, as was most fit,
Since bravery was paid in fullest measure,
My well-apportioned share of it."

MARTHA. Say, how ? Say, where ? If buried, did he own it ?

MEPHIS. Who knows, now, whither the four winds have blown it ?

A fair young damsel took him in her care,
As he in Naples wandered round, unfriended ;
And she much love, much faith to him did bear,
So that he felt it till his days were ended.

MARTHA. The villain ! From his children thieving !
Even all the misery on him cast
Could not prevent his shameful way of living !

MEPHIS. But see ! He's dead therefrom, at last.
Were I in *your* place, do not doubt me,
I'd mourn him decently a year,
And for another keep, meanwhile, my eyes about me.

MARTHA. Ah, God ! another one so dear
As was my first, this world will hardly give me.
There never was a sweeter fool than mine,
Only he loved to roam and leave me,
And foreign wenches and foreign wine,
And the damned throw of dice, indeed.

MEPHIS. Well, well ! That might have done, how-
ever,

If he had only been as clever,
And treated *your* slips with as little heed.
I swear, with this condition, too,
I would, myself, change rings with you.

MARTHA. The gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHIS. (*aside*). I'll cut away, betimes, from here :
She'd take the Devil at his word, I fear.

[To MARGARET.

How fares the heart within your breast ?

MARG. What means the gentleman ?

MEPHIS. (*aside*). Sweet innocent, thou art !
[*Aloud*.

Ladies, farewell !

MARG. Farewell !

SCENE X.

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MARTHA. A moment, ere we part !
I'd like to have a legal witness,
Where, how, and when he died, to certify with fitness.
Irregular ways I've always hated ;
I want his death in the weekly paper stated.

MEPHIS. Yes, my good dame, a pair of witnesses
Always the truth establishes.
I have a friend of high condition,
Who'll also add his deposition.
I'll bring him here,

MARTHA. Good Sir, pray do !

MEPHIS. And this young lady will be present, too?
A gallant youth ! has travelled far :
Ladies with him delighted are.

MARG. Before him I should blush, ashamed.

MEPHIS. Before no king that could be named !

MARTHA. Behind the house, in my garden, then,
This eve we'll expect the gentlemen.

XI.

STREET.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How is it ? under way ? and soon complete ?

MEPHIS. Ah, bravo ! Do I find you burning ?
Well, Margaret soon will still your yearning :
At Neighbour Martha's you'll this evening meet.
A fitter woman ne'er was made
To ply the pimp and gipsy trade !

FAUST. 'Tis well.

MEPHIS. Yet something is required from us.

FAUST. One service pays the other thus.

MEPHIS. We've but to make a deposition valid
That now her husband's limbs, outstretched and pallid,
At Padua rest, in consecrated soil.

FAUST. Most wise ! And first, of course, we'll make
the journey thither ?

MEPHIS. *Sancta simplicitas !* no need of such a toil ;
Depose, with knowledge or without it, either !

FAUST. If you've naught better, then, I'll tear your
pretty plan !

MEPHIS. Now, there you are ! O holy man !
Is it the first time in your life you're driven
To bear false witness in a case ?
Of God, the world and all that in it has a place,
Of man, and all that moves the being of his race,
Have you not terms and definitions given
With brazen forehead, daring breast ?
And, if you'll probe the thing profoundly,
Knew you so much—and you'll confess it roundly !—
As here of Schwerdtlein's death and place of rest ?

FAUST. Thou art, and thou remain'st, a sophist,
liar.

MEPHIS. Yes, knew I not more deeply thy desire.
For wilt thou not, no lover fairer,
Poor Margaret flatter, and ensnare her,
And all thy soul's devotion swear her ?

FAUST. And from my heart.

MEPHIS. 'Tis very fine !

Thine endless love, thy faith assuring,
The one almighty force enduring,—
Will that, too, prompt this heart of thine ?

FAUST. Hold ! hold ! It will !—If such my flame,
And for the sense and power intense
I seek, and cannot find, a name ;
Then range with all my senses through creation,
Craving the speech of inspiration,
And call this ardour, so supernal,
Endless, eternal and eternal,—
Is that a devilish lying game ?

MEPHIS. And yet I'm right !

FAUST. Mark this, I beg of thee
And spare my lungs henceforth : whoever
Intends to have the right, if but his tongue be clever,
Will have it, certainly.
But come : the further talking brings disgust,
For thou art right, especially since I must.⁴⁹

XII.

GARDEN.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S arm. MARTHA and MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARG. I feel, the gentleman allows for me,
Demeans himself, and shames me by it ;
A traveller is so used to be
Kindly content with any diet
I know too well that my poor gossip can
Ne'er entertain such an experienced man.

FAUST A look from thee, a word, more entertains
Than all the lore of wisest brains. [*He kisses her hand.*

MARG. Don't incommode yourself ! How could you
ever kiss it !

It is so ugly, rough to see !

What work I do,—how hard and steady is it !

Mother is much too close with me. [*They pass.*

MARTHA. And you, Sir, travel always, do you not ?

MEPHIS. Alas, that trade and duty us so harry !
With what a pang one leaves so many a spot,
And dares not even now and then to tarry !

MARTHA. In young wild years it suits your ways,
This round and round the world in freedom sweeping ;
But then come on the evil days,
And so, as bachelor, into his grave a-creeping,
None ever found a thing to praise.

MEPHIS. I dread to see how such a fate advances.

MARTHA. Then, worthy Sir, improve betimes your
chances ! *[They pass.]*

MARG. Yes, out of sight is out of mind !
Your courtesy an easy grace is ;
But you have friends in other places,
And sensibler than I, you'll find.

FAUST. Trust me, dear heart ! what men call sensible
Is oft mere vanity and narrowness.

MARG. How so ?

FAUST. Ah, that simplicity and innocence ne'er know
Themselves, their holy value, and their spell !
That meekness, lowliness, the highest graces
Which Nature portions out so lovingly—

MARG. So you but think a moment's space on me,
All times I'll have to think on you, all places !

FAUST. No doubt you're much alone ?

MARG. Yes, for our household small has grown,
Yet must be cared for, you will own.
We have no maid : I do the knitting, sewing, sweeping,
The cooking, early work and late, in fact ;
And mother, in her notions of housekeeping,
Is so exact !
Not that she needs so much to keep expenses down :
We, more than others, might take comfort, rather ;

A nice estate was left us by my father,
A house, a little garden near the town.
But now my days have less of noise and hurry ;
My brother is a soldier,
My little sister's dead.
True, with the child a troubled life I led,
Yet I would take again, and willing, all the worry,
So very dear was she.

FAUST. An angel, if like thee !

MARG. I brought it up, and it was fond of me.
Father had died before it saw the light,
And mother's case seemed hopeless quite,
So weak and miserable she lay ;
And she recovered, then, so slowly, day by day.
She could not think, herself, of giving
The poor wee thing its natural living ;
And so I nursed it all alone
With milk and water : 'twas my own.
Lulled in my lap with many a song,
It smiled, and tumbled, and grew strong.

FAUST. The purest bliss was surely then thy dower.

MARG. But surely, also, many a weary hour.
I kept the baby's cradle near
My bed at night : if't even stirred, I'd guess it,
And waking, hear.
And I must nurse it, warm beside me press it,
And oft, to quiet it, my bed forsake,
And dandling back and forth the restless creature take,
Then at the washtub stand, at morning's break ;
And then the marketing and kitchen-tending

Day after day, the same thing, never-ending.
One's spirits, Sir, are thus not always good,
But then one learns to relish rest and food. [*They pass.*]

MARTHA. Yes, the poor women are bad off, 'tis true ;
A stubborn bachelor there's no converting.

MEPHIS. It but depends upon the like of you,
And I should turn to better ways than flirting.

MARTHA. Speaks plainly, Sir, have you no one
detected ?

Has not your heart been anywhere subjected ?

MEPHIS. The proverb says : One's own warm hearth
And a good wife, are gold and jewels worth.

MARTHA. I mean, have you not felt desire, though
ne'er so slightly ?

MEPHIS. I've everywhere, in fact, been entertained
politely.

MARTHA. I meant to say, were you not touched in
earnest, ever ?

MEPHIS. One should allow one's self to jest with
ladies never.

MARTHA. Ah, you don't understand !

MEPHIS. I'm sorry I'm so blind :
But I am sure—that you are very kind. [*They pass.*]

FAUST. And me, thou angel ! didst thou recognise,
As through the garden-gate I came ?

MARG. Did you not see it ? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST. And thou forgiv'st my freedom, and the blame
To my impertinence befitting,
As the Cathedral thou wert quitting ?

MARG. I was confused, the like ne'er happened me ;

No one could ever speak to my discredit.
Ah, thought I, in my conduct has he read it—
Something immodest or unseemly free?
He seemed to have the sudden feeling
That with this wench 'twere very easy dealing.
I will confess, I knew not what appeal
On your behalf, here, in my bosom grew;
But I was angry with myself, to feel
That I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST. Sweet darling!

MARG.

Wait a while!

*[She plucks a star-flower,⁵⁰ and pulls off the leaves,
one after the other.]*

FAUST. Shall that a nosegay be?

MARG. No, it is just in play.

FAUST. How?

MARG. Go! you'll laugh at me.

[She pulls off the leaves and murmurs.]

FAUST. What murmurest thou?

MARG. *(half aloud)*. He loves me—loves me not.

FAUST. Thou sweet, angelic soul!

MARG. *(continues)*. Loves me—not—loves me—not—

[plucking the last leaf, she cries with frank delight:]

He loves me!

FAUST. Yes, child! and let this blossom-word
For thee be speech divine! He loves thee!

Ah, know'st thou what it means? He loves thee!

[He grasps both her hands.]

MARG. I'm all a-tremble !

FAUST. O tremble not ! but let this look,
Let this warm clasp of hands declare thee
What is unspeakable !
To yield one wholly, and to feel a rapture
In yielding, that must be eternal !
Eternal !—for the end would be despair.
No, no,—no ending ! no ending !

MARTHA (*coming forward*). The night is falling.

MEPHIS. Ay ! we must away.

MARTHA. I'd ask you, longer here to tarry,
But evil tongues in this town have full play.
It's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry,⁵¹
Nor other labour,
But spying all the doings of one's neighbour :
And one becomes the talk, do whatsoe'er one may.
Where is our couple now ?

MEPHIS. Flown up the alley yonder,
The wilful summer-birds !

MARTHA. He seems of her still fonder.

MEPHIS. And she of him. So runs the world away.

XIII.

A GARDEN-ARBOUR.

MARGARET *comes in, conceals herself behind the door, puts her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crack.*

MARG. He comes !

FAUST. (*entering*). Ah, rogue ! a tease thou art :
I have thee ! [*He kisses her.*

MARG. (*clasping him, and returning the kiss*).
Dearest man ! I love thee from my heart.

[MEPHIS. *knocks.*

FAUST (*stamping his foot*). Who's there?

MEPHIS. A friend !

FAUST. A beast !

MEPHIS. 'Tis time to separate.

MARTHA (*coming*). Yes, Sir, 'tis late.

FAUST. May I not, then, upon you wait ?

MARG. My mother would—farewell !

FAUST. Ah, can I not remain ?
Farewell !

MARTHA. Adieu !

MARG. And soon to meet again !

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MARG. Dear God ! However is it, such
A man can think and know so much ?
I stand ashamed and in amaze,
And answer "Yes" to all he says,
A poor, unknowing child ! and he—
I can't think what he finds in me !

[*Exit.*]

XIV.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUST (*solus*).

FAUST. Spirit sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
For which I prayed. Not unto me in vain
Hast thou thy countenance revealed in fire.
Thou gav'st me Nature as a kingdom grand,
With power to feel and to enjoy it, Thou
Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,
But grantest, that in her profoundest breast
I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.
The ranks of living creatures thou dost lead
Before me, teaching me to know my brothers
In air and water and the silent wood.
And when the storm in forests roars and grinds,
The giant firs, in falling, neighbour boughs
And neighbour trunks with crushing weight bear down,
And falling, fill the hills with hollow thunders,—
Then to the cave secure thou ledest me,
Then show'st me mine own self, and in my breast
The deep, mysterious miracles unfold.

And when the perfect moon before my gaze
Comes up with soothing light, around me float
From every precipice and thicket damp
The silvery phantoms of the ages past,
And temper the austere delight of thought.

That nothing can be perfect unto Man
I now am conscious. With this ecstasy,
Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
Thou gav'st the comrade, whom I now no more
Can do without, though, cold and scornful, he
Demeans me to myself, and with a breath,
A word, transforms thy gifts to nothingness,
Within my breast he fans a lawless fire,
Unwearied, for that fair and lovely form :
Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

MEPHIS. Have you not led this life quite long enough ?
How can a further test delight you ?
'Tis very well, that once one tries the stuff,
But something new must then requite you.

FAUST. Would there were other work for thee !
To plague my day auspicious thou returnest.

MEPHIS. Well ! I'll engage to let thee be :
Thou darest not tell me so in earnest.
The loss of thee were truly very slight,—
A comrade crazy, rude, repelling :
One has one's hands full all the day and night ;

If what one does, or leaves undone, is right,
From such a face as thine there is no telling.

FAUST. There is, again, thy proper tone !—
That thou hast bored me, I must thankful be !

MEPHIS. Poor Son of Earth, how couldst thou thus
alone

Have led thy life, bereft of me ?

I, for a time, at least, have worked thy cure ;

Thy fancy's rickets plague thee not at all :

Had I not been, so hadst thou, sure,

Walked thyself off this earthly ball.

Why here to caverns, rocky hollows slinking,

Sit'st thou, as 'twere an owl a-blinking ?

Why suck'st, from sodden moss and dripping stone,

Toad-like, thy nourishment alone ?

A fine way, this, thy time to fill !

The Doctor's in thy body still. |

FAUST. What fresh and vital forces, canst thou guess,

Spring from my commerce with the wilderness ?

But, if thou hadst the power of guessing,

Thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge my soul the
blessing.)

MEPHIS. A blessing drawn from supernatural fountains !

In night and dew to lie upon the mountains ;

All Heaven and Earth in rapture penetrating ;

Thyself to Godhood haughtily inflating ;

To grub with yearning force through Earth's dark marrow,

Compress the six days' work within thy bosom narrow,—

To taste, I know not what, in haughty power,

Thine own ecstatic life on all things shower,

Thine earthly self behind thee cast,
And then the lofty instinct, thus— [With a gesture :
At last,—

I daren't say how—to pluck the final flower !

FAUST. Shame on thee !

MEPHIS. Yes, thou findest that unpleasant !
Thou hast the moral right to cry me “shame !” at
present.

One dares not that before chaste ears declare,
Which chaste hearts, notwithstanding, cannot spare ;
And, once for all, I grudge thee not the pleasure
Of lying to thyself in moderate measure.
But such a course thou wilt not long endure ;
Already art thou o'er-excited,
And, if it last, wilt soon be plighted
To madness and to horror, sure.
Enough of that ! Thy love sits lonely yonder,
By all things saddened and oppressed :
Her thoughts and yearnings seek thee, tenderer, fonder,—
A mighty love is in her breast.

First came thy passion's flood and poured around her
As when from melted snow a streamlet overflows ;
Thou hast therewith so filled and drowned her,
That now *thy* stream all shallow shows.
Methinks, instead of in the forests lording,
The noble Sir should find it good,
The love of this young silly blood
At once to set about rewarding.
Her time is miserably long ;
She haunts her window, watching clouds that stray

O'er the old city-wall, and far away.
"Were I a little bird!" so runs her song,
Day long, and half night long.
Now she is lively, mostly sad.
Now, wept beyond her tears;
Then again quiet she appears,—
Always love-mad.

FAUST. Serpent! serpent!

MEPHIS. (*aside*). Ha! do I trap thee!

FAUST. Get thee away with thine offences,
Reprobate! Name not that fairest thing,
Nor the desire for her sweet body bring
Again before my half-distracted senses!

MEPHIS. What wouldst thou, then? She thinks that
thou art flown;
And half and half thou art, I own.

FAUST. Yet am I near, and love keeps watch and ward;
Though I were ne'er so far, it cannot falter;
I envy even the Body of the Lord
The touching of her lips, before the altar.

MEPHIS. 'Tis very well! *My* envy oft reposes
On your twin-pair, that feed among the roses.

FAUST. Away, thou pimp!

MEPHIS. You rail, and it is fun to me.
The God, who fashioned youth and maid,
Perceived the noblest purpose of His trade,
And also made their opportunity.
Go on! It is a woe profound!
'Tis for your sweetheart's room you're bound,
And not for death, indeed.

FAUST. What are, within her arms, the heavenly
 blisses?

Though I be glowing with her kisses,
Do I not always share her need?
I am the fugitive, all houseless roaming,
The monster without aim or rest,
That like a cataract, down rocks and gorges foaming,
Leaps, maddened, into the abyss's breast!
And side-wards she, with young unawakened senses,
Within her cabin on the Alpine field
Her simple, homely life commences,
Her little world therein concealed.
And I, God's hate flung o'er me,
Had not enough, to thrust
The stubborn rocks before me
And strike them into dust!
She and her peace I yet must undermine:
Thou, Hell, hast claimed this sacrifice as thine!
Help, Devil! through the coming pangs to push me;
What must be, let it quickly be!
Let fall on me her fate, and also crush me,—
One ruin overwhelm both her and me!

MEPHIS. Again it seethes, again it glows!
Thou fool, go in and comfort her!
When such a head as thine no outlet knows,
It thinks the end must soon occur.
Hail him, who keeps a steadfast mind!
Thou, else, dost well the devil-nature wear:
Naught so insipid in the world I find
As is a devil in despair.

XV.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET *at the spinning-wheel, alone.*

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore :
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore !

Save I have him near,
The grave is here ;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
Is racked and crazed ;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore :
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore !

SCENE XV.

To see him, him only,
At the pane I sit ;
To meet him, him only,
The house I quit.

His lofty gait,
His noble size,
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his talk, the bliss
In the clasp of his hand,
And, ah ! his kiss !

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore :
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore !

My bosom yearns
For him alone ;
Ah, dared I clasp him,
And hold, and own !

And kiss his mouth,
To heart's desire,
And on his kisses
At last expire !

XVI.

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET. FAUST.

MARG. Promise me, Henry!—

FAUST. What I can!

MARG. How is't with thy religion, pray?

Thou art a dear, good-hearted man,
And yet, I think, dost not incline that way.

FAUST. Leave that, my child! Thou knowest my
love is tender;

For love, my blood and life would I surrender,
And as for Faith and Church, I grant to each his own.

MARG. That's not enough: we must believe thereon.

FAUST. Must we?

MARG. Would that I had some influence!
Then, too, thou honourest not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST. I honour them.

MARG. Desiring no possession.
'Tis long since thou hast been to mass or to confession.
Believest thou in God?

FAUST. My darling, who shall dare
"I believe in God!" to say?
Ask priest or sage the answer to declare,
And it will seem a mocking play,
A sarcasm on the asker.

MARG. Then thou believest not!

FAUST. Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance?
Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him,
Saying: I believe in Him!
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying: I believe Him not!
The All-enfolding,
The All-upholding,
Folds and upholds he not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches not there the sky above us?
Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?
And rise not, on us shining,
Friendly, the everlasting stars?
Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,
And feel'st not, thronging
To head and heart, the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible, round thy life?
Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,
Call it, then, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!

I have no name to give it !
Feeling is all in all :
The Name is sound and smoke,
Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

MARG. All that is fine and good, to hear it so :
Much the same way the preacher spoke,
Only with slightly different phrases.

FAUST. The same thing, in all places,
All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day—
Each in its language—say ;
Then why not I, in mine, as well ?

MARG. To hear it thus, it may seem passable ;
And yet, some hitch in't there must be
For thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST. Dear love !

MARG. I've long been grieved to see
That thou art in such company.

FAUST. How so ?

MARG. The man who with thee goes, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.
In all my life there's nothing
Has given my heart so keen a pang of loathing,
As his repulsive face has done.

FAUST. Nay, fear him not, my sweetest one !

MARG. I feel his presence like something ill.
I've else, for all, a kindly will,
But, much as my heart to see thee yearneth,
The secret horror of him returneth ;
And I think the man a knave, as I live !
If I do him wrong, may God forgive !

FAUST. There must be such queer birds, however.

MARG. Live with the like of him, may I never !

When once inside the door comes he,

He looks around so sneeringly,

And half in wrath :

One sees that in nothing no interest he hath :

'Tis written on his very forehead

That love, to him, is a thing abhorréd.

I am so happy on thine arm,

So free, so yielding, and so warm,

And in his presence stifled seems my heart.

FAUST. Foreboding angel that thou art !

MARG. It overcomes me in such degree,

That wheresoe'er he meets us, even,

I feel as though I'd lost my love for thee.

When he is by, I could not pray to Heaven.

That burns within me like a flame,

And surely, Henry, 'tis with thee the same.

FAUST. There, now, is thine antipathy !

MARG. But I must go.

FAUST. Ah, shall there never be

A quiet hour, to see us fondly plighted,

With breast to breast, and soul to soul united ?

MARG. Ah, if I only slept alone !

I'd draw the bolts to-night, for thy desire ;

But mother's sleep so light has grown,

And if we were discovered by her,

'Twould be my death upon the spot !

FAUST. Thou angel, fear it not !

Here is a phial : in her drink

But three drops of it measure,
And deepest sleep will on her senses sink.

MARG. What would I not, to give thee pleasure?
It will not harm her, when one tries it?

FAUST. If't would, my love, would I advise it?

MARG. Ah, dearest man, if but thy face I see,
I know not what compels me to thy will :
So much have I already done for thee,
That scarcely more is left me to fulfil. [Exit.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHIS. The monkey ! Is she gone ?

FAUST. Hast played the spy again ?

MEPHIS. I've heard, most fully, how she drew thee.
The Doctor has been catechised, 'tis plain ;
Great good, I hope, the thing will do thee.
The girls have much desire to ascertain
If one is prim and good, as ancient rules compel :
If there he's led, they think, he'll follow them as well.

FAUST. Thou, monster, wilt not see nor own
How this pure soul, of faith so lowly,
So loving and ineffable,—
The faith alone

That her salvation is,—with scruples holy
Pines, lest she hold as lost the man she loves so well !

MEPHIS. Thou, full of sensual, super-sensual desire,
A girl by the nose is leading thee.

FAUST. Abortion, thou, of filth and fire !

MEPHIS. And then, how masterly she reads physiognomy !

When I am present she's impressed, she knows not how ;

She in my mask a hidden sense would read :

She feels that surely I'm a genius now,—

Perhaps the very Devil, indeed !

Well, well,—to-night—?

FAUST. What's that to thee?

MEPHIS. Yet my delight 'twill also be !

'Twas kissing and coddling, on and on !
So now, at the end, the flower is gone.

MARG. The poor, poor thing !

LISBETH.

Dost pity her, at that ?

When one of us at spinning sat,
And mother, nights, ne'er let us out the door
She sported with her paramour.
On the door-bench, in the passage dark,
The length of the time they'd never mark.
So now her head no more she'd lift,
But do church-penance in her sinner's shift !

MARG. He'll surely take her for his wife.

LISBETH. He'd be a fool ! A brisk young blade
Has room, elsewhere, to ply his trade.
Besides, he's gone.

MARG. That is not fair !

LISBETH. If him she gets, why let her beware !
The boys shall dash her wreath on the floor,
And we'll scatter chaff before her door ! ⁵³ [Exit.

MARG. (*returning home*). How scornfully I once
reviled,

When some poor maiden was beguiled !
More speech than any tongue suffices
(I craved, to censure others' vices.
Black as it seemed, I blackened still,
And blacker yet was in my will ;
And blessed myself, and boasted high, --
And now—a living sin am I !)
Yet—all that drove my heart thereto,
God ! was so good, so dear, so true !

XVIII.

DONJON.⁵⁴

*In a niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the
Mater Dolorosa. Pots of flowers before it.*

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

MARG. Incline, O Maiden,
Thou sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain !

The sword Thy heart in,
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where Thy Son is slain !

Thou seest the Father ;
Thy sad sighs gather,
And bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain !

Ah, past guessing,
Beyond expressing,
The pangs that wring my flesh and bone !
Why this anxious heart so burneth,

Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
Knowest Thou, and Thou alone !

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow
Within my bosom aches !
Alone, and ah ! unsleeping,
I'm weeping, weeping, weeping,
The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
Alas ! my tears did wet,
As in the early morning
For thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
The morning sun shone red :
I sat, in utter sorrow,
Already on my bed.

Help ! rescue me from death and stain !
O Maiden !
Thou sorrow-laden,
Incline Thy countenance upon my pain.

XIX.
NIGHT.

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (*a soldier, MARGARET'S brother*).

VALENTINE. When I have sat at some carouse,
Where each to each his brag allows,
And many a comrade praised to me
His pink of girls right lustily,
With brimming glass that spilled the toast,
And elbows planted as in boast :
I sat in unconcerned repose,
And heard the swagger as it rose.
And stroking then my beard, I'd say,
Smiling, the bumper in my hand :
" Each well enough in her own way,
But is there one in all the land
Like sister Margaret, good as gold.—
One that to her can a candle hold ? "
Cling ! clang ! " Here's to her ! " went around
The board : " He speaks the truth ! " cried some ;
" In her the flower o' the sex is found ! "

And all the swaggerers were dumb
And now !—I could tear my hair with vexation,
And dash out my brains in desperation !
With turned-up nose each scamp may face me,
With sneers and stinging taunts disgrace me,
And, like a bankrupt debtor sitting,
A chance-dropped word may set me sweating !
Yet, though I thresh them all together,
I cannot call them liars, either.

But what comes sneaking, there, to view?
If I mistake not, there are two.
If *he's* one, let me at him drive !
He shall not leave the spot alive.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How from the window of the sacristy
Upward th' eternal lamp sends forth a glimmer,
That, lessening sideways, fainter grows and dimmer,
Till darkness closes from the sky !
The shadows thus within my bosom gather.

MEPHIS. I'm like a sentimental tom-cat, rather,
That round the tall fire-ladders sweeps,
And stealthy, then, along the coping creeps :
Quite virtuous, withal, I come,
A little thievish and a little frolicsome.
I feel in every limb the presage
Forerunning the grand Walpurgis-Night ;
Day after to-morrow brings its message,
And one keeps watch then with delight.

FAUST. Meanwhile, may not the treasure risen be,
Which there, behind, I glimmering see?

MEPHIS. Shalt soon experience the pleasure,
To lift the kettle with its treasure.

I lately gave therein a squint—
Saw splendid lion-dollars in't.⁵⁵

FAUST. Not even a jewel, not a ring,
To deck therewith my darling girl?

MEPHIS. I saw, among the rest, a thing
That seemed to be a chain of pearl.

FAUST. That's well, indeed! For painful is it
To bring no gift when her I visit.

MEPHIS. Thou shouldst not find it so annoying,
Without return to be enjoying.
Now, while the sky leads forth its starry throng,
Thou'lt hear a masterpiece, no work completer:
I'll sing her, first, a moral song,
The surer, afterwards, to cheat her. [*Sings to the cither.*

What dost thou here
In daybreak clear,
Kathrina dear,
Before thy lover's door?
Beware! the blade
Lets in a maid,
That out a maid
Departeth nevermore!

The coaxing shun
Of such an one!

When once 'tis done
 Good-night to thee, poor thing !
 Love's time is brief :
 Unto no thief
 Be warm and lief,
 But with the wedding-ring !

VALENTINE (*comes forward*). Whom wilt thou lure ?
 God's element !

Rat-catching piper, thou !—perdition ! ⁵⁶

To the Devil, first, the instrument !

To the Devil, then, the curst musician !

MEPHIS. The cither's smashed ! For nothing more
 'tis fitting.

VALENTINE. There's yet a skull I must be splitting !

MEPHIS. (*to* FAUST). Sir Doctor, don't retreat, I
 pray !

Stand by : I'll lead, if you'll but tarry :

Out with your spit, without delay !

You've but to lunge, and I will parry.

VALENTINE. Then parry that !

MEPHIS.

Why not ? 'tis light.

VALENTINE. That, too !

MEPHIS.

Of course.

VALENTINE.

I think the Devil must fight !

How is it, then ? my hand's already lame.

MEPHIS. (*to* FAUST). Thrust home !

VALENTINE (*falls*).

O God !

MEPHIS.

Now is the lubber tame !

But come, away ! 'Tis time for us to fly ;

For there arises now a murderous cry.

With the police 'twere easy to compound it,
But here the penal court will sift and sound it.

[*Exit with* FAUST.

MARTHA (*at the window*). Come out ! come out !

MARG. (*at the window*). Quick, bring a light !

MARTHA (*as above*). They swear and storm, they yell
and fight !

PEOPLE. Here lies one dead already—see !

MARTHA (*coming from the house*). The murderers,
whither have they run ?

MARG. (*coming out*). Who lies here ?

PEOPLE. 'Tis thy mother's son.

MARG. Almighty God ! what misery !

VALENTINE. I'm dying ! That is quickly said,
And quicker yet 'tis done.

Why howl, you women there ? Instead,
Come here and listen, every one !

[*All gather around him.*

My Margaret, see ! still young thou art,
But not the least bit shrewd or smart,
Thy business thus to slight :
So this advice I bid thee heed—
Now that thou art a w—— indeed,
Why, be one then, outright !

MARG. My brother ! God ! such words to me ?

VALENTINE. In this game let our Lord God be !
What's done's already done, alas !
What follows it, must come to pass.

With one begin'st thou secretly,
Then soon will others come to thee,
And when a dozen thee have known,
Thou'rt also free to all the town.
When Shame is born and first appears,
She is in secret brought to light,
And then they draw the veil of night
Over her head and ears ;
Her life, in fact, they're loath to spare her.
But let her growth and strength display,
She walks abroad unveiled by day,
Yet is not grown a whit the fairer.
The uglier she is to sight,
The more she seeks the day's broad light.
The time I verily can discern
When all the honest folk will turn
From thee, thou jade ! and seek protection
As from a corpse that breeds infection.
Thy guilty heart shall then dismay thee,
When they but look thee in the face : —
Shalt not in a golden chain array thee,
Nor at the altar take thy place !
Shalt not, in lace and ribbons flowing,
Make merry when the dance is going !
But in some corner, woe betide thee !
Among the beggars and cripples hide thee ;
And so, though even God forgive,
On earth a damned existence live !

MARTHA. Commend your soul to God for pardon,
That you your heart with slander harden !

VALENTINE. Thou pimp most infamous, be still !
 Could I thy withered body kill,
 'Twould bring, for all my sinful pleasure,
 Forgiveness in the richest measure,

MARG. My brother ! This is Hell's own pain !

VALENTINE. I tell thee, from thy tears refrain !
 When thou from honour didst depart
 It stabbed me to the very heart.
 Now through the slumber of the grave
 I go to God as a soldier brave.

[Dies.

XX.

CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE, ORGAN, AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET, *among much people: the* EVIL SPIRIT
behind MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT. How otherwise was it, Margaret,
When thou, still innocent,
Here to the altar cam'st,
And from the worn and fingered book
Thy prayers didst prattle,
Half sport of childhood,
Half God within thee !)
Margaret !
Where tends thy thought ?
Within thy bosom
What hidden crime ?
Pray'st thou for mercy on thy mother's soul,
That fell asleep to long, long torment, and through thee ?
Upon thy threshold whose the blood ?

And stirreth not and quickens
Something beneath thy heart,
Thy life disquieting
With most foreboding presence?

MARG. Woe ! woe !

Would I were free from the thoughts
That cross me, drawing hither and thither,
Despite me !

CHORUS. *Dies iræ, dies illa,⁵⁷
Solvat sæclum in favilla !*

[*Sound of the organ.*]

EVIL SPIRIT. Wrath takes thee !
The trumpet peals !
The graves tremble !
And thy heart
From ashy rest
To fiery torments
Now again requickened,
Throbs to life !

MARG. Would I were forth !
I feel as if the organ here
My breath takes from me,
My very heart
Dissolved by the anthem !

CHORUS. *Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.*

MARG. I cannot breathe !
The massy pillars

Imprison me !

The vaulted arches

Crush me !—Air !

EVIL SPIRIT. Hide thyself ! Sin and shame

Stay never hidden.

Air ? Light ?

Woe to thee !

CHORUS. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,*

Quem patronum rogaturus,

Cum vix justus sit securus !

EVIL SPIRIT. They turn their faces,

The glorified, from thee :

The pure, their hands to offer,

Shuddering, refuse thee !

Woe !

CHORUS. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?*

MARG. Neighbour ! your cordial !⁵⁸

[*She falls in a swoon.*]

XXI.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.⁵⁹

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS. *District of Schierke and
Elend.*

FAUST. . MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHIS. Dost thou not wish a broomstick-steed's
assistance?

The sturdiest he-goat I would gladly see :

The way we take, our goal is yet some distance.

FAUST. So long as in my legs I feel the fresh
existence,

This knotted staff suffices me.

What need to shorten so the way?

Along this labyrinth of vales to wander,

Then climb the rocky ramparts yonder,

Wherefrom the fountain flings eternal spray,

Is such delight, my steps would fain delay.

The spring-time stirs within the fragrant birches,

And even the fir-tree feels it now :

Should then our limbs escape its gentle searches?

MEPHIS. I notice no such thing, I vow !
'Tis winter still within my body :
Upon my path I wish for frost and snow.
How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow,
And lights so dimly, that, as one advances,
At every step one strikes a rock or tree !
Let us, then, use a Jack-o'-Lantern's glances :
I see one yonder, burning merrily.
Ho, there ! my friend ! I'll levy thine attendance :
Why waste so vainly thy resplendence ?
Be kind enough to light us up the steep !

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. My reverence, I hope, will me
enable
To curb my temperament unstable ;
For zigzag courses we are wont to keep.

MEPHIS. Indeed ? he'd like mankind to imitate !
Now, in the Devil's name, go straight,
Or I'll blow out his being's flickering spark !

WILL-O'-THE-WISP. You are the master of the house,
I mark,
And I shall try to serve you nicely.
But then, reflect : the mountain's magic-mad to-day,
And if a will-o'-the-wisp must guide you on the way,
You mustn't take things too precisely.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP (*in
alternating song*). We, it seems, have entered
newly

In the sphere of dreams enchanted.
Do thy bidding, guide us truly,

That our feet be forwards planted
In the vast, the desert spaces !
See them swiftly changing places,
Trees on trees beside us trooping,
And the crags above us stooping,
And the rocky snouts, outgrowing,—
Hear them snoring, hear them blowing !
O'er the stones, the grasses, flowing
Stream and streamlet seek the hollow.
Hear I noises ? songs that follow ?
Hear I tender love-petitions ?
Voices of those heavenly visions ?
Sounds of hope, of love undying ?
And the echoes, like traditions
Of old days, come faint and hollow.

Hoo-hoo ! Shoo-hoo ! Nearer hover
Jay and screech-owl, and the plover,—
Are they all awake and crying ?
Is't the salamander pushes,
Bloated-bellied, through the bushes ?
And the roots, like serpents twisted,
Through the sand and boulders toiling,
Fright us, weirdest links uncoiling
To entrap us, unresisted :
Living knots and gnarls uncanny
Feel with polypus-antennæ
For the wanderer. Mice are flying,
Thousand-coloured, herd-wise hieing
Through the moss and through the heather !

And the fire-flies wink and darkle,
Crowded swarms that soar and sparkle,
And in wildering escort gather !

Tell me, if we still are standing,
Or if further we're ascending ?
All is turning, whirling, blending,
Trees and rocks with grinning faces,
Wandering lights that spin in mazes,
Still increasing and expanding !

MEPHIS. Grasp my skirt with heart undaunted !
Here a middle-peak is planted,
Whence one seeth, with amaze,
Mammon in the mountain blaze.

FAUST. How strangely glimmers through the hollows
A dreary light, like that of dawn !
Its exhalation tracks and follows
The deepest gorges, faint and wan.
Here steam, there rolling vapour sweepeth ;
Here burns the glow through film and haze :
Now like a tender thread it creepeth,
Now like a fountain leaps and plays.
Here winds away, and in a hundred
Divided veins the valley braids :
There, in a corner pressed and sundered,
Itself detaches, spreads and fades.
Here gush the sparkles incandescent
Like scattered showers of golden sand ;--
But, see ! in all their height, at present,
The rocky ramparts blazing stand.

MEPHIS. Has not Sir Mammon grandly lighted
His palace for this festal night ?

'Tis lucky thou hast seen the sight ;
The boisterous guests approach that were invited.

FAUST. How raves the tempest through the air ! ⁶⁰
With what fierce blows upon my neck 'tis beating !

MEPHIS. Under the old ribs of the rock retreat-
ing,
Hold fast, lest thou be hurled down the abysses
there !

The night with the mist is black ;
Hark ! how the forests grind and crack !
Frightened, the owlets are scattered :
Hearken ! the pillars are shattered,
The evergreen palaces shaking !
Boughs are groaning and breaking,
The tree-trunks terribly thunder,
The roots are twisting asunder !
In frightfully intricate crashing
Each on the other is dashing,
And over the wreck-strewn gorges
The tempest whistles and surges !
Hear'st thou voices higher ringing ?
Far away, or nearer singing ?
Yes, the mountain's sides along,
Sweeps an infuriate glamouring song !

WITCHES (*in chorus*). The witches ride to the Brocken's
top,

The stubble is yellow, and green the crop.
There gathers the crowd for carnival :

Sir Urian sits over all.⁶¹

And so they go over stone and stock ;

The witch she ——s, and ——s the buck.

A VOICE. Alone, old Baubo's coming now ;⁶²

She rides upon a farrow-sow.

CHORUS. Then honour to whom the honour is due !

Dame Baubo's first, to lead the crew !

A tough old sow and the mother thereon,

Then follow the witches, every one.

A VOICE. Which way com'st thou hither ?

VOICE. O'er the Ilsen-stone,

I peeped at the owl in her nest alone :

How she stared and glared !

VOICE. Betake thee to Hell !

Why so fast and so fell ?

VOICE. She has scored and has flayed me :

See the wounds she has made me !

WITCHES (*chorus*). The way is wide, the way is long :

See, what a wild and crazy throng !

The broom it scratches, the fork it thrusts,

The child is stifled, the mother bursts.

WIZARDS (*semi-chorus*). As doth the snail in shell, we crawl :

Before us go the women all.

When towards the Devil's House we tread,

Woman's a thousand steps ahead.

OTHER SEMI-CHORUS. We do not measure with such care :

Woman in thousand steps is there,

But howsoe'er she hasten may,
Man in one leap has cleared the way.

VOICE (*from above*). Come on, come on, from Rocky
Lake !

VOICE (*from below*). Aloft we'd fain ourselves betake.
We've washed, and are bright as ever you will,
Yet we're eternally sterile still.

BOTH CHORUSES. The wind is hushed, the star
shoots by,
The dreary moon forsakes the sky ;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.

VOICE (*from below*). Halt, there ! Ho, there !

VOICE (*from above*). Who calls from the rocky cleft
below there ?

VOICE (*below*). Take me, too ! take me, too !
I'm climbing now three hundred years,
And yet the summit cannot see :
Among my equals I would be.

BOTH CHORUSES. Bears the broom and bears the
stock,
Bears the fork and bears the buck :
Who cannot raise himself to-night
Is evermore a ruined-wight.

HALF-WITCH (*below*). So long I stumble, ill bestead,
And the others are now so far ahead !
At home I've neither rest nor cheer,
And yet I cannot gain them here.

CHORUS OF WITCHES. To cheer the witch will salve
avail ;

A rag will answer for a sail !
Each trough a goodly ship supplies ;
He ne'er will fly, who now not flies.

BOTH CHORUSES. When round the summit whirls our
flight,

Then lower, and on the ground alight ;
And far and wide the heather press
With witchhood's swarms of wantonness !

[*They settle down.*

MEPHIS. They crowd and push, they roar and clatter !
They whirl and whistle, pull and chatter !
They shine, and spirt, and stink, and burn !
The true witch-element we learn.
Keep close ! or we are parted, in our turn.
Where art thou ?

FAUST (*in the distance*). Here !

MEPHIS. What ! whirled so far astray ?
Then house-right I must use, and clear the way.
Make room ! Squire Voland comes !⁶³ Room, gentle
rabble, room !

Here, Doctor, hold to me : in one jump we'll resume
An easier space, and from the crowd be free :
It's too much, even for the like of me.
Yonder, with special light, there's something shining
clearer

Within those bushes ; I've a mind to see.

Come on ! we'll slip a little nearer.

FAUST. Spirit of Contradiction ! On ! I'll follow
straight.

'Tis planned most wisely, if I judge aright :
We climb the Brocken's top in the Walpurgis-Night,
That arbitrarily, here, ourselves we isolate.

MEPHIS. But see, what motley flames among the
heather !

There is a lively club together :
In smaller circles one is not alone.

FAUST. Better the summit, I must own :
There fire and whirling smoke I see.
They seek the Evil One in wild confusion :
Many enigmas there might find solution.

MEPHIS. But there enigmas also knotted be.
Leave to the multitude their riot !
Here will we house ourselves in quiet.
It is an old, transmitted trade,
That in the greater world the little worlds are made.
I see stark-nude young witches congregate,
And old ones, veiled and hidden shrewdly :
On my account be kind, nor treat them rudely !
The trouble's small, the fun is great.
I hear the noise of instruments attuning,—
Vile din ! yet one must learn to bear the crooning.
Come, come along ! It *must* be, I declare !
I'll go ahead and introduce thee there,
Thine obligation newly earning,
That is no little space : what say'st thou, friend ?
Look yonder ! thou canst scarcely see the end :
A hundred fires along the ranks are burning.
They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, they court ;
Now where, just tell me, is there better sport ?

FAUST. Wilt thou, to introduce us to the revel,
Assume the part of wizard or of devil?

MEPHIS. I'm mostly used, 'tis true, to go incognito,
But on a gala-day one may his orders show.
The Garter does not deck my suit,
But honoured and at home is here the cloven foot.
Perceiv'st thou yonder snail? It cometh, slow and
steady ;
So delicately its feelers pry,
That it hath scented me already :
I cannot here disguise me, if I try.
But come ! we'll go from this fire to a newer :
I am the go-between, and thou the wooer.

[To some, who are sitting around dying embers :

Old gentlemen, why at the outskirts? Enter !
I'd praise you if I found you snugly in the centre,
With youth and revel round you like a zone :
You each, at home, are quite enough alone.

GENERAL. Say, who would put his trust in nations,
Howe'er for them one may have worked and planned?
For with the people, as with women,
Youth always has the upper hand.

MINISTER. They're now too far from what is just and
sage.

I praise the old ones, not unduly :
When we were all-in-all, then, truly,
Then was the real golden age.

PARVENU. We also were not stupid, either,
And what we should not, often did ;

But now all things have from their bases slid,
Just as we meant to hold them fast together.

AUTHOR. Who, now, a work of moderate sense will
read?

Such works are held as antique and mossy ;
And as regards the younger folk, indeed,
They never yet have been so pert and saucy.

MEPHIS. (*who all at once appears very old*).⁶⁴ I feel
that men are ripe for Judgment-Day,
Now for the last time I've the witches'-hill ascended :
Since to the lees *my* cask is drained away,
The world's, as well, must soon be ended.

HUCKSTER-WITCH. Ye gentlemen, don't pass me thus !
Let not the chance neglected be !
Behold my wares attentively :
The stock is rare and various.
And yet, there's nothing I've collected—
No shop, on earth, like this you'll find ! —
Which has not, once, sore hurt inflicted
Upon the world, and on mankind.
No caggar's here, that set not blood to flowing ;
No cup, that hath not once, within a healthy frame
Poured speedy death, in poison glowing :
No gems, that have not brought a maid to shame ;
No sword, but severed ties for the unwary,
Or from behind struck down the adversary.

MEPHIS. Gossip ! the times thou badly comprehendest :
What's done has happed—what haps, is done !
'Twere better if for novelties thou sendest :
By such alone can we be won.

FAUST. Let me not lose myself in all this pother !
This is a fair, as never was another !

MEPHIS. The whirlpool swirls to get above :
Thou'rt shoved thyself, imagining to shove.

FAUST. But who's that ?

MEPHIS. Note her especially,
'Tis Lilith.

FAUST. Who ?

MEPHIS. Adam's first wife is she.⁶⁵
Beware the lure within her lovely tresses.
The splendid sole adornment of her hair !
When she succeeds therewith a youth to snare,
Not soon again she frees him from her jesses.

FAUST. Those two, the old one with the young one
sitting,
They've danced already more than fitting.

MEPHIS. No rest to-night for young or old !
They start another dance : come now, let us take
hold !

FAUST (*dancing with the young witch*). A lovely
dream once came to me ;
I then beheld an apple-tree,
And there two fairest apples shone :
They lured me so, I climbed thereon.

THE FAIR ONE. Apples have been desired by you,
Since first in Paradise they grew ;
And I am moved with joy, to know
That such within my garden grow.

MEPHIS. (*dancing with the old one*). A dissolut
dream once came to me :—

Therein I saw a cloven tree,
Which had a — — — ;
Yet, —as 'twas, I fancied it.

THE OLD ONE. I offer here my best salute
Unto the knight with cloven foot !
Let him a — — — prepare,
If him — — — does not scare.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.⁶⁶ Accurséd folk ! How dare
you venture thus ?

Had you not, long since, demonstration
That ghosts can't stand on ordinary foundation ?
And now you even dance, like one of us !

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*). Why does he come, then,
to our ball ?

FAUST (*dancing*). O, everywhere on him you fall !
When others dance, he weighs the matter :
If he can't every step bechatter,
Then 'tis the same as were the step not made ;
But if you forwards go, his ire is most displayed.
If you would whirl in regular gyration
As he does in his dull old mill,
He'd show, at any rate, good-will,—
Especially if you heard and heeded his hortation.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST. You still are here ? Nay, 'tis
a thing unheard !

Vanish, at once ! We've said the enlightening word.
The pack of devils by no rules is daunted :
We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.⁶⁷
To clear the folly out, how have I swept and stirred !
'Twill ne'er be clean : why, 'tis a thing unheard !

THE FAIR ONE. Then cease to bore us at our ball !

PROKTOPHANTASMIST. I tell you, spirits, to your face,

I give to spirit-despotism no place ;

My spirit cannot practise it at all. [*The dance continues.*

Naught will succeed, I see, amid such revels ;

Yet something from a tour I always save,

And hope, before my last step to the grave,

To overcome the poets and the devils.

MEPHIS. He now will seat himself in the nearest puddle ;

The solace this, whercof he's most assured ;

And when upon his rump the leeches hang and fuddle,

He'll be of spirits and of Spirit cured.

[*To FAUST, who has left the dance :*

Wherefore forsakest thou the lovely maiden,

That in the dance so sweetly sang ?

FAUST. Ah ! in the midst of it there sprang
A red mouse from her mouth—sufficient reason !⁶⁸

MEPHIS. That's nothing ! One must not so squeamish
be ;

So the mouse was not gray, enough for thee.

Who'd think of that in love's selected season ?

FAUST. Then saw I—

MEPHIS. What ?

FAUST. Mephisto, seest thou there,

Alone and far, a girl most pale and fair ?

She falters on, her way scarce knowing,

As if with fettered feet that stay her going.

I must confess, it seems to me
As if my kindly Margaret were she.

MEPHIS. Let the thing be ! All thence have evil
drawn :

It is a magic shape, a lifeless eidolon.
Such to encounter is not good :
Their blank, set stare benumbs the human blood,
And one is almost turned to stone.
Medusa's tale to thee is known.

FAUST. Forsooth, the eyes they are of one whom,
dying,

No hand with loving pressure closed ;
That is the breast whereon I once was lying,—
The body sweet, beside which I reposed !

MEPHIS. 'Tis magic all, thou fool, seduced so easily !
Unto each man his love she seems to be.

FAUST. The woe, the rapture, so ensnare me,
That from her gaze I cannot tear me !
And, strange ! around her fairest throat
A single scarlet band is gleaming,
No broader than a knife-blade seeming !

MEPHIS. Quite right ! The mark I also note.
Her head beneath her arm she'll sometimes carry
'Twas Perseus lopped it, her old adversary.
Thou crav'st the same illusion still !
Come, let us mount this little hill ;
The Prater shows no livelier stir,⁶⁹
And, if they've not bewitched my sense,
I verily see a theatre.
What's going on ?

SERVIBILIS.⁷⁰ 'Twill shortly recommence :
A new performance—'tis the last of seven.
To give that number is the custom here :
'Twas by a Dilettante written,
And Dilettante in the parts appear.
That now I vanish, pardon, I entreat you !
As Dilettante I the curtain raise.

MEPHIS. When I upon the Blocksberg meet you,
I find it good : for that's your proper place.

XXII.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.⁷¹

Intermezzo.

MANAGER. Sons of Mieding, rest to-day !⁷²
Needless your machinery :
Misty vale, and mountain gray,
That is all the scenery.

HERALD. That the wedding golden be,
Must fifty years be rounded :
But *the Golden* give to me,
When the strife's compounded.

OBERON. Spirits, if you're here, be seen—
Show yourselves, delighted !
Fairy king and fairy queen,
They are newly plighted.

PUCK. Cometh Puck, and, light of limb,
Whisks and whirls in measure :
Come a hundred after him,
To share with him the pleasure.

ARIEL.⁷³ Ariel's song is heavenly-pure,
His tongues are sweet and rare ones :
Though ugly faces he allure,
Yet he allures the fair ones.

OBERON. Spouses, who would fain agree,
Learn how we were mated !
If your pairs would loving be,
First be separated !

TITANIA. If her whims the wife control,
And the man berate her,
Take him to the Northern Pole,
And her to the Equator !

ORCHESTRA. TUTTI. *Fortissimo.*
Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
And kin of all conditions,
Frog in grass, and cricket-trill,—
These are the musicians !

SOLO. See the bagpipe on our track !
'Tis the soap-blown bubble :
Hear the *schnecke-schnicke-schnack*
Through his nostrils double !

[*Spirit just growing into form.*

Spider's foot and paunch of toad,
And little wings—we know 'em !
A little creature 'twill not be,
But yet, a little poem.

A LITTLE COUPLE.⁷⁴ Little step and lofty leap
Through honey-dew and fragrance :
You'll never mount the airy steep
With all your tripping vagrance.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.⁷⁵ Is't but masquerading
play

See I with precision ?
Oberon, the beauteous fay,
Meets, to-night, my vision !

ORTHODOX.⁷⁶ Not a claw, no tail I see !
And yet, beyond a cavil,
Like "the Gods of Greece," must he
Also be a devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.⁷⁷ I only seize, with sketchy air,
Some outlines of the tourney ;
Yet I betimes myself prepare
For my Italian journey.

LURIST. My bad luck brings me here, alas !
How roars the orgy louder !
And of the witches in the mass,
But only two wear powder.

YOUNG WITCH. Powder becomes, like petticoat,
A gray and wrinkled noddy ;
So I sit naked on my goat,
And show a strapping body.

MATRON. We've too much tact and policy
To rate with gibes a scolder ;
Yet, young and tender though you be,
I hope to see you moulder.

LEADER OF THE BAND. Fly-snout and mosquito-bill,

Don't swarm so round the Naked !
Frog in grass and cricket-trill,
Observe the time, and make it !

WEATHERCOCK (*towards one side*).⁷⁸ Society to one's
desire !

Brides only, and the sweetest !
And bachelors of youth and fire,
And prospects the completest !

WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*). And if the
Earth don't open now
To swallow up each ranter,
Why, then will I myself, I vow,
Jump into hell instanter !

XENIES.⁷⁹ Us as little insects see !
With sharpest nippers flitting,
That our Papa Satan we
May honour as is fitting.

HENNINGS.⁸⁰ How, in crowds together massed,
They are jesting, shameless !
They will even say, at last,
That their hearts are blameless.

MUSAGETES. Among this witches' revelry
His way one gladly loses ;
And, truly, it would easier be
Than to command the Muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE. The proper folks
one's talents laud :
Come on, and none shall pass us !
The Blocksberg has a summit broad,
Like Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER. Say, who's the stiff and pompous man ?

He walks with haughty paces :

He snuffles all he snuffle can :

“ He scents the Jesuits' traces.”

CRANE.⁸¹ Both clear and muddy streams, for me
Are good to fish and sport in :
And thus the pious man you see
With even devils consorting.

WORLDLING.⁸² Yes, for the pious, I suspect,
All instruments are fitting ;
And on the Blocksberg they erect
Full many a place of meeting.

DANCER. A newer chorus now succeeds !
I hear the distant drumming.

“ Don't be disturbed ! 'tis, in the reeds,
The bittern's changeless booming.”

DANCING-MASTER. How each his legs in nimble trip
Lifts up, and makes a clearance !
The crooked jump, the heavy skip,
Nor care for the appearance.

GOOD FELLOW. The rabble by such hate are held,
To maim and slay delights them :
As Orpheus' lyre the brutes compelled,
The bagpipes here unites them.

DOGMATIST. I'll not be led by any lure
Of doubts or critic-cavils :
The Devil must be something, sure,—
Or how should there be devils ?

IDEALIST.⁸³ This once, the fancy wrought in me

Is really too despotic :
Forsooth, If I am all I see,
I must be idiotic !

REALIST. This racking fuss on every hand,
It gives me great vexation ;
And, for the first time, here I stand
On insécure foundation.

SUPERNATURALIST. With much delight I see the play,
And grant to these their merits,
Since from the devils I also may
Infer the better spirits.

SCEPTIC. The flame they follow, on and on,
And think they're near the treasure :
But *Devil* rhymes with *Doubt* alone,
So I am here with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND. Frog in green, and cricket
trill,
Such dilettants !—perdition !
Fly-snout and mosquito-bill,—
Each one's a fine musician !

THE ADROIT. *Sanssouci*, we call the clan
Of merry creatures so, then ;
Go a-foot no more we can,
And on our heads we go, then.

THE AWKWARD. Once many a bit we sponged ; but
now,
God help us ! that is done with :
Our shoes are all danced out, we trow,
We've but naked soles to run with.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS. From the marshes we appear,

Where we originated ;
Yet in the ranks, at once, we're here
As glittering gallants rated.

SHOOTING-STAR. Darting hither from the sky,
In star and fire light shooting,
Cross-wise now in grass I lie :
Who'll help me to my footing ?

THE HEAVY FELLOWS. Room ! and round about us,
room !

Trodden are the grasses :
Spirits also, spirits come,
And they are bulky masses.

PUCK. Enter not so stall-fed quite,
Like elephant-calves about one !
And the heaviest weight to-night
Be Puck, himself, the stout one !

ARIEL. If loving Nature at your back,
Or Mind, the wings uncloses,
Follow up my airy track
To the mount of roses !

ORCHESTRA (*Pianissimo*). Cloud and trailing mist
o'erhead
Are now illuminated :
Air in leaves, and wind in reed,
And all is dissipated.⁸⁴

XXIII.

DREARY DAY.

A FIELD.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. In misery ! In despair ! Long wretchedly astray on the face of the earth, and now imprisoned ! That gracious, ill-starred creature shut in a dungeon as a criminal, and given up to fearful torments ! To this has it come ! to this !—Treacherous, contemptible spirit, and thou hast concealed it from me !—Stand, then,—stand ! Roll the devilish eyes wrathfully in thy head ! Stand and defy me with thine intolerable presence ! Imprisoned ! In irretrievable misery ! Delivered up to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling Man ! And thou hast lulled me, meanwhile, with the most insipid dissipations, hast concealed from me her increasing wretchedness, and suffered her to go helplessly to ruin !

MEPHIS. She is not the first.

FAUST. Dog ! Abominable monster ! Transform him, thou Infinite Spirit ! transform the reptile again

into his dog-shape, in which it pleased him often at night to scamper on before me, to roll himself at the feet of the unsuspecting wanderer, and hang upon his shoulders when he fell ! Transform him again into his favourite likeness, that he may crawl upon his belly in the dust before me,—that I may trample him, the outlawed, under foot ! Not the first ! O woe ! woe which no human soul can grasp, that more than one being should sink into the depths of this misery,—that the first, in its writhing death-agony under the eyes of the Eternal Forgiver, did not expiate the guilt of all others ! The misery of this single one pierces to the very marrow of my life ; and thou art calmly grinning at the fate of thousands !

MEPHIS. Now we are already again at the end of our wits, where the understanding of you men runs wild. Why didst thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not carry it out ? Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizziness ? Did we thrust ourselves upon thee, or thou thyself upon us ?

FAUST. Gnash not thus thy devouring teeth at me ! It fills me with horrible disgust. Mighty, glorious Spirit, who hast vouchsafed to me Thine apparition, who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to the felon-comrade, who feeds on mischief and gluts himself with ruin ?

MEPHIS. Hast thou done ?

FAUST. Rescue her, or woe to thee ! The fearfullest curse be upon thee for thousands of ages !

MEPHIS. I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger,

nor undo his bolts. Rescue her? Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I, or thou?

[FAUST *looks around wildly.*

Wilt thou grasp the thunder? Well, that it has not been given to you, miserable mortals! To crush to pieces the innocent respondent—that is the tyrant-fashion of relieving one's self in embarrassments.

FAUST. Take me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHIS. And the danger to which thou wilt expose thyself! Know that the guilt of blood, from thy hand, still lies upon the town! Avenging spirits hover over the spot where the victim fell, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST. That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and liberate her!

MEPHIS. I will convey thee there; and hear, what I can do! Have I all the power in Heaven and on Earth? I will becloud the jailer's senses: get possession of the key, and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch: the magic steeds are ready, I will carry you off. So much is in my power.

FAUST. Up and away!

XXIV.

NIGHT.

OPEN FIELD.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *speeding onward on
black horses.*

FAUST. What weave they there round the raven-
stone ?⁸⁵

MEPHIS. I know not what they are brewing and
doing.

FAUST. Soaring up, sweeping down, bowing and
bending !

MEPHIS. A witches'-guild.

FAUST. They scatter, devote and doom !

MEPHIS. On ! on !

XXV.

DUNGEON.

FAUST, *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door.*

A shudder, long unfelt, comes o'er me ;
Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me, here.
She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
And all her crime was a delusion dear !

What ! I delay to free her ?

I dread, once again to see her ?

On ! my shrinking but lingers Death more near.

[He grasps the lock : the sound of singing is heard inside.]

My mother, the harlot⁸⁶

Who put me to death ;

My father, the varlet,

Who eaten me hath !

Little sister, so good,

Laid my bones in the wood,

In the damp moss and clay :

Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood ;

Fly away ! Fly away !

FAUST (*unlocking*). She does not dream her lover
listens near ;

That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can hear.

[*He enters.*

MARG. (*hiding herself on the pallet*). Woe ! woe !
They come. O death of bitterness !

FAUST (*whispering*). Hush ! hush ! The hour is
come that frees thee.

MARG. (*throwing herself before him*). Art thou a man,
then pity my distress !

FAUST. Thy cries will wake the guards, and they will
seize thee !

[*He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*

MARG. (*on her knees*). Who, headsman ! unto thee
such power

Over me could give ?

Thou'rt come for me at midnight hour :

Have mercy on me, let me live !

Is't not soon enough when morning chime has rung ?

[*She rises.*

And I am yet so young, so young !

And now Death comes, and ruin !

I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.

My love was near, but now he's far ;

Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.

Seize me not thus so violently !

Spare me ! What have I done to thee ?

Let me not vainly entreat thee !

I never chanced, in all my days, to meet thee !

FAUST. Shall I outlive this misery ?

MARG. Now am I wholly in thy might.
But let me suckle, first, my baby !
I blessed it all this livelong night ;
They took't away, to vex me, maybe,
And now they say I killed the child outright,
And never shall I be glad again.
They sing songs about me ! 'tis bad of the folk to do it !
There's an old story has the same refrain ;
Who bade them so construe it ?

FAUST (*falling upon his knees*). Here lieth one who
loves thee ever.

The thralldom of thy woe to sever.

MARG. (*flinging herself beside him*). O let us kneel,
and call the Saints to hide us !

Under the steps beside us,

The threshold under,

Hell heaves in thunder !

The Evil One

With terrible wrath

Seeketh a path

His prey to discover !

FAUST (*aloud*). Margaret ! Margaret !

MARG. (*attentively listening*). That was the voice of
my lover !

[*She springs to her feet : the fetters fall off.*]

Where is he ? I heard him call me.

I am free ! No one shall enthrall me.

To his neck will I fly,

On his bosom lie !

On the threshold he stood, and *Margaret* ! calling,

Midst of Hell's howling and noises appalling,
Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,
I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision !

FAUST. 'Tis I !

MARG. 'Tis thou ! O, say it once again !

[Clasping him.]

'Tis he ! 'tis he ! Where now is all my pain ?

The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain ?

'Tis thou ! Thou comest to save me,

And I am saved !—

Again the street I see

Where first I looked on thee ;

And the garden, brightly blooming,

Where I and Martha wait thy coming.

FAUST (*struggling to leave*). Come ! Come with me !

MARG. Delay, now !

So fain I stay, when thou delayest ! *[Caressing him.]*

FAUST. Away, now !

If longer here thou stayest,

We shall be made to dearly rue it.

MARG. Kiss me !—canst no longer do it ?

My friend, so short a time thou'rt missing,

And hast unlearned thy kissing ?

Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast ?

Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,

A heaven thy loving words expressed,

And thou didst kiss, as thou wouldst suffocate me—

Kiss me !

Or I'll kiss thee !

[She embraces him.]

Ah. woe ! thy lips are chill !

And still.

How changed in fashion

Thy passion !

Who has done me this ill? [*She turns away from him.*]

FAUST. Come, follow me ! My darling, be more bold :
I'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousand-fold ;
But follow now ! 'Tis all I beg of thee.

MARG. (*turning to him*). And is it thou ? Thou,
surely, certainly ?

FAUST. 'Tis I ! Come on !

MARG. Thou wilt unloose my chain,
And in thy lap wilt take me once again.

How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—

Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st free ?

FAUST. Come ! come ! The night already vanisheth.

MARG. My mother have I put to death ;
I've drowned the baby born to thee.

Was it not given to thee and me ?

Thee, too !—'Tis thou ! It scarcely true doth seem—

Give me thy hand ! 'Tis not a dream !

Thy dear, dear hand !—But, ah, 'tis wet !

Why, wipe it off ! Methinks that yet

There's blood thereon.

Ah, God ! what hast thou done ?

Nay, sheathe thy sword at last !

Do not affray me !

FAUST. O, let the past be past !
Thy words will slay me !

MARG. No, no ! Thou must outlive us.
Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us :

Thou must begin to-morrow
The work of sorrow !
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,
And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray !
And here, on my right breast, my baby lay !
Nobody else will lie beside me !—
Ah, within thine arms to hide me,
That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,
But no more, no more can I attain it !
I would force myself on thee and constrain it,
And it seems thou repellest my kiss :
And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see !

FAUST. If thou feel'st it is I, then come with me !

MARG. Out yonder ?

FAUST. To freedom.

MARG. If the grave is there,
Death lying in wait, then come !
From here to eternal rest :
No further step—no, no !
Thou goest away ! O, Henry, if I could go !

FAUST. Thou canst ! Just will it ! Open stands the
door.

MARG. I dare not go : there's no hope any more.
Why should I fly ? They'll still my steps waylay !
It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
And a bad conscience sharper misery giving !
It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,
And I'd still be followed and taken !

FAUST. I'll stay with thee.

MARG. Be quick ! Be quick !

Save thy perishing child !

Away ! Follow the ridge

Up by the brook,

Over the bridge,

Into the wood,

To the left, where the plank is placed

In the pool !

Seize it in haste !

'Tis trying to rise,

'Tis struggling still !

Save it ! Save it !

FAUST. Recall thy wandering will !

One step, and thou art free at last !

MARG. If the mountain we had only passed !

There sits my mother upon a stone,—

I feel an icy shiver !

There sits my mother upon a stone,

And her head is wagging ever.

She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls
o'er ;

She slept so long that she wakes no more.

She slept while we were caressing :

Ah, those were the days of blessing !

FAUST. Here words and prayers are nothing worth ;
I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

MARG. No—let me go ! I'll suffer no force !

Grasp me not so murderously !

I've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

FAUST. The day dawns : Dearest ! Dearest !

MARG. Day ? Yes, the day comes,—the last day
breaks for me !

My wedding-day it was to be !

Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret !

Woe for my garland ! The chances

Are over—'tis all in vain !

We shall meet once again.

But not at the dances !

The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken :

The square below

And the streets overflow :

The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.

I am seized, am bound, and delivered—

Shoved to the block—they give the sign

Now over each neck has quivered

The blade that is quivering over mine.

Dumb lies the world like the grave !

FAUST. O had I ne'er been born ?

MEPHIS. (*appears outside*). Off ! or you're lost ere
morn.

Useless talking, delaying, and praying !

My horses are neighing :

The morning twilight is near.

MARG. What rises up from the threshold here ?

He ! he ! suffer him not !

What does he want in this holy spot ?

He seeks me !

FAUST. Thou shalt live.

MARG. Judgment of God ! myself to thee I give.

MEPHIS. (*to FAUST*). Come ! or I'll leave her in the lurch, and thee !

MARG. Thine am I, Father ! rescue me !
Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,
Camp around, and from evil ward me !
Henry ! I shudder to think of thee.

MEPHIS. She is judged !

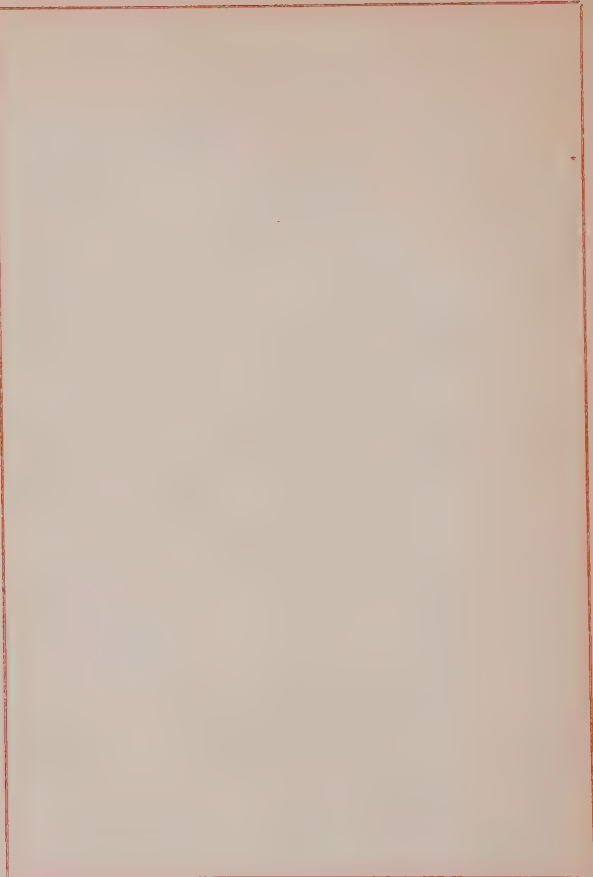
VOICE (*from above*). She is saved !

MEPHIS. (*to FAUST*). Hither to me !

[*He disappears with FAUST.*]

VOICE (*from within, dying away*). Henry ! Henry !

MINOR POEMS.



MINOR POEMS.



PROMETHEUS.

COVER thine heaven, O Zeus,
With thy cloud-darkness ;
As a child, careless,
Scatters the thistles,
Break thou thy forests.
Still shall mine earth to me
Rest yet unmovèd,
My hut, which thou builtest not,
And my hearth-corner,
Whose crimson light-glow
Godhead hath envied.

Naught hold I poorer
Than ye, the Immortals ;
Happy alone are ye
When from the sacrifice,
Blood-steam floats upward,
Prayers mingle with it ;

Say, would your Godhood
Vanish for ever,
If beggar and childhood
Were not fooled by it ?

Ah, in my childhood,
In my child-foolishness,
Turned I eyes heavenward,
As if in heaven were
Ear that would hearken,
Heart such as mine is
Earth's children to pity.

Who was mine helper
In fight with the Titans?
Through mine own strength and power
Hell's brood was vanquished ;
Yet in mine ignorance,
Did I not praise the Gods,
While, on Olympus,
Kronion was slumbering ?

Honour thee ? Wherefore ?
Hast thou their sorrows
Ever made lighter
To the o'erladen ?
Hast thou been tear-dryer
E'er of the troubled ?
They twain mine helpers are—
Time, the all-powerful,

And Fate everlasting,
My Lord, and thy Lord.

Didst thou dream, O Fool,
I should in hate of life,
Flee to the deserts,
When not all youthful
Blossom-dreams ripened ?

Here sit I, forming
After mine image,
Men like unto me,
To weep and to suffer,
To joy and rejoice them,
And thee not to honour,—
Yea, to despise !

A GREETING TO SESENHEIM.

SOON will I come, soul's heart, heart's darling !
What though the Winter should fancy, snarling,
Us in a little room to pen ?

We two will sit by the glowing embers,
And talk of the things that Love remembers,—
Our love will be like the angels' then.

CONSTANCY.

YOU say of woman, "From one to another she
wavers."

Blame her not, brother ; she seeks for a *man*
who is constant.

TO FREDERIKA, WITH A PAINTED SASH.

TINY blossoms, tiny garlands,
Here are strewn with careless hand,
By the tiny baby-Cupids
Dallying on this ribbon-band.

Take it on thy wings, O Zephyr,
Twist it round my darling's waist,
Let her peep within the mirror
At the beauty it has graced.

Roses painted on her girdle,
She the sweetest rose thereof !
O, one glance, my best belovèd,
Will reward my pains enough !

Fairest, feel thy lover's passion,
Reach me free thy maiden hand,
Be the band that shall unite us
Stronger than a rosy band !

Love truly, ere the time for love grows late ;
For the grave-arms close round both love and hate.

THE ERL-KING.

WHO rides so late through the night-wind wild ?
It is a father and his child ;
The boy is clasped in his sheltering arm,
He holds him safe, and he nestles warm.

“ My son, why hidest thou thy face in fear ? ”
“ Father, the Erl-king draweth near—
The dark Erl-king, with crown and train.”
“ ’Tis the cloud-skirt gray of the breaking rain.”

“ Thou lovely child, come, go with me
To the pleasures and games I keep for thee ;
Fair flowerets bloom on the distant shore,
And my mother hath golden webs in store.”

“ My father, my father, say, dost thou not hear
That wicked whispering vex mine ear ? ”
“ Nay, child, the whisper thine ear that grieves
Is the sough of the wind in the fallen leaves.”

“ Come, fair boy, wilt thou go with me ?
My princess-daughters shall wait on thee.
They shall weave their dances to charm thy sight,
And sing sleep down on thine eyes each night.”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not see
The Erl-king’s shadowy daughters three ? ”

“ My darling, I see on the lonely way
The ghostly willow-boles glimmering gray.”

“ Thou shalt not bar me from my delight,
Thy will is vain against spectre-might.”

“ My father, my father, his touch is cold ;
The Erl-king has me in fatal hold ! ”

In horror the father rides away,
And clasped in his arms the child groaning lay ;
When he reached his home in the dawn-tide red
In his sheltering arms the child was dead.

.

Nor shell nor kernel Nature knows,
She has no severance nor part ;
With thine own self it rests to prove
If kernel or if shell thou art.

.

To each man comes, come when it may,
The last life-bliss, the last life-day.

TO THE HUSBANDMAN.

THE furrow covers o'er thy golden seed ;
One like, but deeper, shall receive thy bones.
Yet plough and sow in gladness. From the earth
Springs the life-giving glory of the corn,—
Some far, faint hope rests still upon the grave.

A GOLDSMITH'S THOUGHTS.

My little neighbour o'er the street
Is such a dear wee maiden !
I see her booth from where I work,
With pretty trifles laden.

I work at rings and chains all day,
For all this weary city ;
Ah, when shall I have luck to make
A wedding-ring for Kitty !

From when she takes the shutters down
Till evening gray, keep coming
A crowd of buyers to her shop ;
All day they're round her humming.

Abstractedly I file, and spoil,
The rings and chains so massy ;
My master scolds, and shakes his head,
And growls, " It's all that lassie ! "

If trade grows just a minute slack,
She sets her down to spinning ;
There's reason for this diligence—
Her wedding-gown she's winning.

I see the little high-heeled boot,
A bit of snow-white stocking !
And now and then comes just a flash
Of blue-and-silver. Shocking !

She lifts her cotton to her lips,
That perverse thread's a-snarling !
Ah, could I only take its place,
How I would kiss my darling !

SELF-DECEPTION.

THE curtain over the window
Where my pretty neighbour sleeps,
Is waving hither and thither.
I am sure that across she peeps

To see if the jealous anger
That I showed her yesterday
Is eating my heart in silence,
Or has wholly fled away.

.

But the pity is that this notion
Has never struck my pet ;
It was only the wind of evening
That the curtain in motion set !

THE HAPPY LOVER TO THE STARS.

YOU from the heart I pity, hapless stars !
For your sweet light is freely shed on all ;
Ye shine upon the storm-tossed seaman's bark,
And no reward have ye from Gods or men ;
Ye know not love, and Love knows naught of you.
Ever and ever, through eternal hours,
Ye lead your circle through the vault of heaven ;
How far your loveless, hopeless course has gone
Since I, here by my best beloved's side,
Forgot both stars and midnight in her face !

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS.

I.

LONGING and thinking,
Cowardly heart-sinking,
Faint-hearted failing,
Woman-like wailing,
From sorrow of parting
Set thee not free.

If thou Fate's science
Hold at defiance,
Yield to it never
But face it for ever,
So Zeus the Immortal
Descendeth to thee.

II.

Over the hill-peaks
Stillness like death,
Over the tree-tops
Scarce a wind-breath.
The birds are quiet,
Each in his nest :
Wait thou. Soon
Thou shalt rest.

The smallest field yields grain enow,
Wilt thou aright but sow and plough.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

FROM the distant violet-crownèd Athens,
Where the lordly town of Corinth stands,
Came a youth to find an unknown stranger,
With his father joined in friendly bands.
 'Twixt them promise stood
 Son and daughter should
Join in Venus' temple hearts and hands.

Ah ! will they of Corinth bid him welcome,
If he does not buy their favour dear ?
He and his adore the old Greek godhoods,
They the White Christ hold in holy fear.
 Still men's knowledge saith
 " Buds a newer faith,
Then all sweet old love-ties men uptear."

When he comes the house is wrapped in silence,
Naught within except the mother wakes ;
She bids welcome to the young Athenian,
In the stateliest room his couch she makes,
 Doth his needs divine,
 Sets forth food and wine,
Bids farewell before the bread he breaks.

But the youth, all spent and stained, exhausted,
Worn with travel since the dawn shone red,
Weary, past the touch of thirst and hunger,
Casts him straightway down upon his bed,
Lies in deathlike rest,
While an unknown guest
Passes through the door beside his head.

By the dying lamp's uncertain shimmer,
Spectral in her robe and veil's white fold,
There he sees a maiden in his chamber,
Round her brow a band of black and gold.
When she sees him near,
Hands she wrings in fear
At her own intrusion rash and bold.

"Guest," she cries, "mine own house holds me
stranger,
Nothing heard I of your coming's fame
In my dreary cell of cold and darkness;
Now my cheeks blush hot with maiden shame.
On the soft-piled bed
Lay thy weary head;
I depart as softly as I came.

"Stay, fair maiden," cried the youth, awakened,
Springing from his couch in eager haste;
"Here are gifts of Ceres and of Bacchus,

Venus' cestus glitters round thy waist.
 Thou art pale with fright,
 Dearest, come, this night,
 We may know what joys the gods can taste."

"Nay, O youth, stretch not vain arms toward me,
 Not for me to tread in Joy's sweet ways ;
 Life for me is closed, and hope is ended,
 Through my mother's fever-stricken craze,
 When the oath she swore
 Gave her daughter o'er
 To the Heaven that Youth and Nature slays.

"And the sweet old Gods we loved were banished
 And their names were never heard again ;
 One, the Vengeful, unseen, sits enthronèd
 High in barren heaven beyond our ken.
 On the altar here,
 Fall not lamb nor steer,
 Nay, they offer hearts and souls of men."

But his words stream out instinct with passion,
 And his speech she hears and understands ;
 "Can it be that, in the still night-silence,
 Here my plighted bride before me stands ?
 And she *shall* be mine,
 Sanction, half-divine,
 From our fathers joins with mine her hands."

“Not these hands of mine, O my belovèd,
’Tis my younger sister thou wilt wed ;
When her soft white arms are clasped about thee,
Think of one whose bliss so quickly fled.
Not for me is love,
Nor the joys thereof,
In the grave is laid my marriage-bed.”

“Nay, away with ghastly dreams and fancies,
Hymen’s self will smile on our delight ;
Thou art neither lost to love nor lover,
Athens holds a shelter for our flight.
Sweetest, stay and share,
Free from doubt and care,
Here the bridal feast with me to-night.”

Now already change they true love-tokens ;
Golden is the chain she gives him there,
And he reaches her a silver beaker,
Carven with strange old legends, rich and fair ;
“This is not for me :
All I beg from thee
Is a lock of that brown, clustering hair.”

As the noon of night goes softly past them,
All her ghostly terror from her slips ;
In the myrrhine cup of blood-red vintage,
Deep her eager thirsty mouth she dips ;
Yet, of wheaten bread,
Howsoe’er he pled,
Not a morsel crossed her cold, white lips.

And she passes him the jewelled goblet,
Deep and deeper yet he ever drinks,
Still more passionate grow his wild beseechings,
And the love-words with his vows he links ;
 But, howe'er he pray,
 Still she answers "Nay,"
Till in tears upon his couch he sinks.

And she casts herself beside her lover,
 " I may rest, alas, by no man's side ;
If my mouth burnt hot beneath thy kisses
 Thou would'st know the secret that I hide.
 White as mountain-snow,
 Cold as ice below,
Is the gracious bosom of thy bride."

But his strong young arms are wrapped around her,
With a strength that youth and passion gave ;
" ' Ice ' art thou ? This heart of mine can warm thee,
Wert thou risen a ghost from out thy grave.
 On thy lips my kiss
 Burns like this,—and this.
Has my clasp not strength enough to save ? "

Happy tears are thick upon her eyelids,
Tears the first her eyes have ever known ;
Space and time and earth they have forgotten—
Each remembers naught but love alone :
 All his great desire
 Turns her blood to fire,
Yet no heart leaps wild against his own.

But the mother, passing by the portal,
Seems to hear strange, eerie sounds within,
Leans to listen softly at the threshold,—
Is it voices twain she hears within?
“Bride,” and “Sweet,” and “Bride,”
Broken love-words sighed,
Sobs that die away while laughs begin.

While she stands unmoving in the doorway,
Seeking now to know the truth of this,
There she hears sweet vows and flattering praises,
And the words of lovers in their bliss:—
“Ah, to-morrow night,
Back to our Delight,
Thou wilt come again?” and kiss chokes kiss.

Then the mother speaks in haste and anger,
Hand upon the latch that opes with ease,
“Many women serve the lust of strangers;
Holds my house hetairai such as these?”
But she starts with fright
By the lamp’s pale light,
Sees she,—God, ’tis her own child she sees!

And the youth, wild with his sudden terror,
With the maiden’s veil of shining gauze,
With the carpet that he casts around them,
Strives to hide their breach of household laws.
From the place she lies
Slowly doth she rise,
To her height her tall white figure draws.

- “Mother!” thus she speaks in hollow accents,
“Dost thou grudge the one sweet night I crave?
Do you drive me from his side soft nestling,
As my soul to its despair you drave?
Doth it not suffice,
Wound in shroud of price,
To have laid me stark within my grave?”
- “From the tomb wherein you laid your daughter
Still her right against you witnesseth;
For she recks not murmured hymn, nor blessing,
Nor the words the swart priest muttereth;
Consecrated rite
Hath nor force nor might,
Weighed with love that triumphs over death.
- “He was pledged to me to be my bridegroom,
At the laughter-loving Venus’ shrine,
Though you broke your ancient, sacred promise,
For the strange, false faith that now is thine,
God no ear will bow,
To your brain-sick vow,
And my lover surely now is mine.
- “From the grave a loathly longing drew me,
For the joys your hand had crushed in bud,
Once to lie upon my lover’s bosom,
As a vampire, suck his red heart’s-blood;
Fate to him made sure,
Others shall endure,—
Who shall stay youth’s wild desire in flood?

“ Ha, fair youth, our night was sweet together !
Pale and dying now thou liest there.
Round thy neck my golden chain is gleaming,
And thy pledge with me I forth shall bear.
At the break of day
Shall thy head be gray—
This the only lock of that brown hair.

“ Mother, build a pyre for our dead bodies ;
Let the wind-breath wake its fiery coals.
When my corpse and his are laid upon it,
And the pall of fire above them rolls ;
When the flame sinks low,
And the ashes glow,
Shall the ancient Gods receive our souls.”

IMMORTALITY.

“ THOU preachest immortality?
Give grounds,—or else we doubt it.
“ Surely. The strongest basis is,
We cannot live without it.”

TRANSLATION.

IN the wood I plucked a bunch of flowers :
I carried it through the noontide hours,
Till beauty and scent were well-nigh fled,
The flowers were drooping, the ferns were dead ;
“ I should have left them,” I said aloud,
For the delicate heads to earth were bowed.
In a wonder of Venice glass I set
The flowers, not wholly withered yet,
With the water’s kiss on each tiny stem ;
In an hour a change had passed on them.
The blossoms lifted their eyes to me,
And the delicate shoots of greenery
Were as bright and fresh as ever they could
Have been in the moss of their own green wood.

So it was with me when the songs I sung
I found again in a foreign tongue.

NOTES.



NOTES.

Denn bei den alten lieben Todten
Braucht man Erklärung, will man Noten ;
Die Neuen glaubt man blank zu verstehn,
Doch ohne Dolmetsch wird's auch nicht gehn.
—GOETHE.

NOTES TO FIRST PART.

1. *The posts are set, the booth of boards completed.*

THE “booth of boards” purposely refers to the rude, transportable puppet theatres in which Goethe first saw Faust represented. There is already a foreshadowing of some of the qualities of Faust and Mephistopheles in the Poet and Manager.

2. *This, aged Sirs, belongs to you.*

It is the Poets whom the Merry-Andrew thus addresses. His assertion of the perpetual youth of Genius is not ironical, but (as appears from the Manager's remarks) is intended as a compliment.

3. CHANT OF THE ARCHANGELS.

The three Archangels advance in the order of their dignity, as it is given in the "Celestial Hierarchy" of Dionysius Areopagita ; who was also Dante's authority on this point (*Paradiso, Canto xxviii.*). Raphael, the inferior, commences, and Michael, the chief, closes the chant.

4. *Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after.*

Mephistopheles here refers to the Chant of the Archangels. His mocking spirit is at once manifested in these lines, and in his ironical repetition of "the earliest day."

5. *While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.*

The original of this is the single, well-known line : *Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt.* It has seemed to me impossible to give the full meaning of these words—that error is a natural accompaniment of the struggles and aspirations of Man—in a single line.

6. *A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.*

In these lines the direction of the plot is indicated. They suggest, in advance, its moral *dénouement*, at the close of the Second Part. Goethe, on one occasion, compared the "Prologue in Heaven" to the overture of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, in which a certain musical phrase occurs which is not repeated until the *finale*; and his comparison had reference to the idea expressed in these lines.

7. *But ye, God's sons in love and duty.*

Here the Lord, turning away from Mephistopheles, suddenly addresses the Archangels and the Heavenly Hosts.

8. *From Nostradamus' very hand.*

The astrologer Nostradamus (whose real name was Michel de Nôtre-Dame) was born at St. Remy, in Provence, in the year 1503. At first celebrated as a physician, he finally devoted himself to astrology, and published, in 1555, a collection of prophecies in rhymed quatrains, entitled *Les Prophecies de Michel Nostradamus*, which created an immediate sensation, and found many believers; especially as the death of Henry II. of France seemed to verify one of his mystical predictions. He was appointed physician to Charles IX., and continued the publication of his prophecies, asserting, however, that the study of the planetary aspects

was not alone sufficient, but that the gift of second-sight, which God grants only to a few chosen persons, is also necessary. He died in the year 1566; and even as late as the year 1781 his prophecies were included in the Roman *Index Expurgatorius*, for the reason that they declare the downfall of the Papacy.

9. *The Sign of the Macrocosm.*

The term "Macrocosm" was used by Pico di Mirandola, Paracelsus, and other mystical writers, to denote the universe. They imagined a mysterious correspondence between the Macrocosm (the world in large) and the Microcosm (the world in little), or Man; and most of the astrological theories were based on the influence of the former upon the latter. From some of Goethe's notes, still in existence, we learn that during the time when the conception of Faust first occupied his mind (1770-73), he read Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*, Paracelsus, Valentinus, the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, and even the Latin poet Manilius.

Mr. Blackie, in his Notes, quotes a description of the Macrocosm from a Latin work of Robert Fludd, published at Oppenheim in 1619; but the theory had already been given in the *Heptaplus* of Pico di Mirandola (about 1490). The universe, according to him, consists of three worlds, the earthly, the heavenly, and the super-heavenly. The first includes our planet and its enveloping space, as far as the orbit of the moon; the second, the sun and stars; the third, the Governing Divine influences. The same phenomena belong to each, but have different grades of manifestation. Thus the physical element of fire exists in

the earthly sphere, the warmth of the sun in the heavenly, and a seraphic, spiritual fire in the empyrean; the first burns, the second quickens, the third loves. "In addition to these three worlds (the Macrocosm)," says Pico, "there is a fourth (the Microcosm) containing all embraced within them. This is Man, in whom are included a body formed of the elements, a heavenly spirit, reason, an angelic soul, and a resemblance to God."

10. *O Death!—I know it—'tis my Famulus!*

The Latin word *famulus* (servant) was applied, in the Middle Ages, to the shield-bearers of the knights, and also to persons owing the obligation of service to the feudal lords. The Famulus of Faust, however, is at the same time a student, an amanuensis, an assistant in his laboratory, and a *servitor*, in the academic sense. The term is still applied, in the German Universities, to those poor students who fill various minor offices for the sake of eking out their means by the small salaries attached to them.

11. WAGNER.

The name—and perhaps also the primal suggestion of the character—of Faust's Famulus is taken from the old legend, in which Christopher Wagner, after Faust's tragic end, succeeds to his knowledge and enters on a similar, if not so brilliant a career.

It is an interesting coincidence that one of Goethe's early associates, during his residence in Strasburg and Frankfort, was Heinrich Leopold Wagner (who died in 1779), and who was also an author. Goethe not only read to him the early

scenes of *Faust*, but imparted to him, in confidence, the fate of Margaret, as he meant to develop it; and Wagner was faithless enough to make use of the material for a tragedy of his own—*The Infanticide*, which was published in 1776. Schiller's poem, with the same title (apparently suggested by Wagner's play), and Bürger's ballad of "The Pastor of Taubenheim's Daughter," in which the subject is very similar, were both written in the year 1781.

12. *Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper.*

This line, which reads, literally, "In which ye twist (or curl) paper-shreds for mankind," has been curiously misunderstood by most translators. The article *der* before *Menschheit* was supposed by Hayward to be in the *genitive* instead of the *dative* case, and he gives the phrase thus: "in which ye *crisp the shreds of humanity!*" Blackie even says "the shavings of mankind," and most of the other English versions repeat the mistake, in one or another form. In the French of Blaze and Stapfer, however, the reading is correct. Goethe employs the word *Schnitzel* (shreds or clippings) as a contemptuous figure of speech for the manner in which thought is presented to mankind in the discourses described by Faust. Therefore by using the expression "shredded thought" in English, the exact sense of the original is preserved.

13. *Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play.*

The German phrase, *Haupt-und Staats-action*, was applied, about the end of the seventeenth century, to the

popular puppet-plays which represented famous passages of history. It seems to have been, originally, a form of announcement invented by some proprietor of a wandering puppet-theatre, and may therefore be equivalently translated, as a "First-Class Political Performance!" The phrase was afterwards applied to plays acted upon the stage, and Goethe even makes use of it to designate Shakespeare's historical dramas. In the puppet-plays the heroic figures (Alexander, Pompey, Charlemagne, etc.) were in the habit of uttering the most grandiloquent, oracular sentences; they were as didactic in speech as they were reckless and melodramatic in action.

The word *pragmatical*, which I have adopted as it stands in the original, has a somewhat different signification in German. It indicates—here, at least—a pedantic assumption and ostentation, in addition to the sense of meddlesome interference which it possesses in English.

14. CHORUS OF ANGELS.

In this first chorus I have been forced, by the prime necessity of preserving the meaning, to leave the second line unrhymed. The word *schleichenden*, in the fourth line, which I have endeavoured to express by "clinging" (Hayward has "creeping," Blackie "through his veins creeping," and Dr. Hedge "trailing"), is nearly equivalent to the English phrase, "dogging one's steps." The first of the three Angelic Choruses rejoices over Christ's release from Mortality, the second exalts him as the "Loving One," and the third celebrates his restoration to the Divine creative activity.

15. *Is he, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near ?*

These two lines, in the original, are a marvel of compressed expression. The closest literal translation is: "Is He, in the bliss of developing into (higher) being, near to the joy of creating,"—that is, the bliss of being born into the higher life to which He has ascended is scarcely less than the joy of the Divine creative activity. The Disciples, left behind and still sharing the woes of Earth, bewail the beatitude which parts Him from them.

16. *'Tis true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night.*

St. Andrew's Night is the 29th of November. It is celebrated, in some parts of Germany, by forms of divination very similar to those which are practised in Scotland on Hallow E'en (October 31st). The maidens, as in Keats's *Eve of Saint Agnes*, believe that by calling upon St. Andrew, undressed, before getting into bed, the future sweetheart will appear to them in a dream. Another plan is, to pour melted lead through the wards of a key wherein there is the form of a cross, into a basin of water fetched between eleven o'clock and midnight: the cooling lead will then take the form of tools which indicate the trade of the destined lover.

17. *She showed me mine, in crystal clear.*

A magic crystal, sometimes in the form of a sphere, but frequently, no doubt, as a lens, was employed for the purpose of divination. The methods, in fact, were varied

to suit the superstition which employed them. In Pictor's "Varieties of Ceremonial Magic" (given in Scheible's *Kloster*), twenty-seven forms of divination are described at length, but Crystallomancy is not among them. The ancients employed between forty and fifty different methods.

18. *Sir Doctor, it is good of you.*

It is very rarely that the first and third lines of a quatrain are unrhymed in German. I have no doubt that Goethe intended to represent, by a less musical verse, the more prosaic nature and speech of the common people. The words he employs in the two addresses of the Old Peasant are the simplest and plainest; the *tone* of the verse is entirely that of prose.

19. *Then also you, though but a youth.*

Düntzer conjectures that Goethe derived the idea of this helpful activity of Faust, upon which rests the episode with the peasants, from the history of Nostradamus. In the year 1525, when the latter was twenty-two years old, Provence was devastated by a pestilence. The young physician went boldly from house to house, through the villages, and saved the lives of many of the sick, himself escaping all infection.

20. *There was a Lion red, a wooer daring.*

The jargon of the mediæval alchemists, from Raymond Lully to Paracelsus, is used in this description. The

system taught that all substances, especially metals, had either masculine or feminine qualities, as well as inherent affinities and antipathies. Campanella's doctrine, that all the elements of matter were endowed with sense and feeling, was very generally adopted by his successors in the art. Goethe drew his description of the preparation of the panacea partly from Paracelsus, and partly from Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*.

The "Lion red" is cinnabar, called a "wooner daring" on account of the action of quicksilver in rushing to an intimate union (an amalgam) with all other metals. The Lily is a preparation of antimony, which bore the name of *Lilium Paracelsi*. Red, moreover, is the masculine, and white the feminine colour. The alembic containing these substances was first placed in a "tepid bath"—a vessel of warm water—and gradually heated; then "tormented by flame unsparing" ("open flame," in the original), the two were driven from one "bridal chamber" to another,—that is, their wedded fumes were forced, by the heat, from the alembic into a glass retort. If then, the "young Queen," the sublimated compound of the two substances, appeared with a brilliant colour—ruby or royal purple being most highly esteemed—in the retort, "this was the medicine." The product reminds us of calomel, which is usually formed by the sublimated union of mercury and chlorine.

21. *Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp.*

The belief in evil spirits inhabiting the nether regions of the atmosphere is very ancient. Paul calls Satan "the prince of the power of the air" (*Ephesians*, ii. 2), and thus gives Christian currency to a much older superstition. In

the poem *Zodiacus Vitæ*, of Marcellus Palingenius (written about the year 1527), the different atmospheric demons are minutely described. Their names are Typhurgus (Mist-bringer), Aplestus (the Insatiable), Philokreus (Lover of Flesh), and Miastor (the Befouler). Wagner's classification indicates the effects of the four winds upon the weather and the human frame. In Germany, the east wind is dry and keen, and the west wind brings rain.

"The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils; this Paracelsus stiffly maintains."
—Burton, *Anat.*, Part I.

22. *Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn
and stubble?*

The appearance of Mephistopheles in the form of a dog is a part of the old legend. Manlius, in the report of his conversation with Melancthon, quotes the latter as having said: "He (Faust) had a dog with him, which was the devil."

23. *'Tis written: "In the Beginning was the Word."*

This passage is not, as Blackie supposes, a fortunate inspiration of Goethe. It is directly suggested by the legend. In Widmann's "Veritable History of Dr. Faust" (Hamburg, 1599), I find, in the fifteenth chapter, that Mephistopheles thus answers Faust's proposition to discuss with him certain questions of theology: "In so far as it concerns the Bible, which thou again art of a mind to read, there shall be no more permitted to thee than, namely: the first, second, and fifth books of Moses; all the others, except Job, shalt thou let be; and likewise in the New

Testament thou mayest read the three Disciples that write of the deeds of Christ, that is to say, the tax-gatherer, the painter, and the doctor (meaning Mattheum, Marcum, and Lucam); but John shalt thou avoid, and I forbid also the chatterer Paul, and such others as wrote Epistles."

24. *The Key of Solomon is good.*

Solomon's fame as a magician is mentioned by Josephus, and also by Origen, who was acquainted with a work on the manner of citing spirits to appear, ascribed to the Hebrew king. There seems to be no doubt that Solomon was a chief authority with the Jewish exorcists, from whom his name and some of his supposed formulæ of invocation were transmitted, until we find them in the Cabbala of the Middle Ages. The *Clavicula Salomonis* is mentioned by Welling, Paracelsus, and other writers, and some copies have been preserved. It is claimed that the genuine original contained only instructions by which good spirits might be invoked to assist in good works, but the variations give also the method of summoning evil spirits. In *Faust's Dreifacher Höllenzwang* (copied in Scheible's *Kloster*), the *Clavicula Salomonis* is given as it was communicated to Pope Sylvester by Constantine, and translated in the Vatican, under Pope Julius II. It is called "The Necromantic Key of Solomon, or the Key to the Magic Wisdom of Solomon, and to compel the Spirits to every Manner of Service;" and commences:—"At first, pray (or sing) the following *canticum hebraicum*—*Aba, zarka, maccaf, sofar, holech, (segolta), pazergadol,*" etc. Then follow a number of similar invocations, together with the "Seal of the highest wisdom of Solomon,"—a very complicated

figure of hexagonal form,—which must be held in the hand. Faust, as the reader will remark, employs an entirely different method of exorcism.

25. *The Words of the Four be addressed.*

The universal belief in elementary spirits, during the Middle Ages, was a natural inheritance from the ancient faith. So much of their former half-divinity clung to them that they were assigned an intermediate place between men and genuine spirits. They were supposed to have positive and unchangeable forms, of a finer, more ethereal flesh and blood, and to be soulless, although the children born of their intercourse with human beings received human souls. They were classified, according to the element in which they lived, as Salamanders (in Fire), Undines (in Water), Sylphs (in Air), and Gnomes (in Earth). Of these, the two latter classes were supposed to be most familiar and friendly.

Faust, it will be noticed, uses "the Words of the Four," but without effect. He then repeats the adjuration, in another and stronger form. Here, however, the word *Kobold* (Gnome) is omitted, and *Incubus*, the dwarfish, triksy, household spirit, is substituted. In German fairy-lore there is a relationship between the two, but they are not identical. There seems to be no reason for the change; and, as Goethe attached no great importance to the passage, the rhyme, alone, may have suggested it.

26. *Now, to undisguise thee,
Hear me exorcise thee !*

The original is : "Thou shalt hear me more strongly exorcise !" Suspecting that an infernal spirit dwells in

the beast, Faust makes "the sign" of the cross, and the effect is immediately manifest. Düntzer says, "He presents to him the name of Jesus,"—which is certainly a misconception. Blackie quotes a passage from Cornelius Agrippa, declaring that evil spirits are affrighted by the sign of the cross.

Goethe, also, may have remembered the verse in the Epistle of James (ii. 19): "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble."

27. *The One, unoriginate.*

Here Christ is described, but not named. The four lines are, literally :—

The Unoriginated,
Unuttered,
Diffused through all the Heavens,
Guiltily transpierced.

28. MEPHISTOPHELES.

The original form of this name was *Mephostophiles*. There has been much discussion in regard to its meaning; but Düntzer's conjecture is probably correct,—that it was imperfectly formed by some one who knew little Greek, and was intended to signify *not loving the light*. The expressions which Mephistopheles uses, in explaining his nature to Faust, would seem to indicate that this was also Goethe's understanding of the name.

Although, in most of the popular Faust-stories, Mephistopheles is often referred to as "the Devil," it was well understood that he was only *a* devil. In "Faust's Miraculous Art and Book of Marvels, or the Black Raven"

(1469), the powers and potentates of the Infernal Kingdom are thus given : *King*, Lucifer ; *Viceroy*, Belial ; *Gubernatores*, Satan, Beelzebub, Astaroth, Pluto ; *Chief Princes*, Aziel, Mephistophilis, Marbuel, Ariel, Aniguel, Anisel, and Barfael.

Goethe took only the name and a few circumstances connected with the first appearance of Mephistopheles from the legend ; the character, from first to last, is his own creation. Although he sometimes slyly used it (though less frequently than Faust) as a mask through which to speak with his own voice, he evidently drew the germ of some characteristics from his early associate, Merck.

"Merck and I," said Goethe to Eckermann, in 1831, "always went together, like Faust and Mephistopheles. . . . All his pranks and tricks sprang from the basis of a higher culture ; but, as he was not a productive nature,—on the contrary, he possessed a *strongly marked negative tendency*,—he was far more ready to blame than praise, and involuntarily sought out everything which might enable him to indulge his habit."

29. *In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.*

In the original, the first of these names is given as *Fliegengott*, Fly-god. For the sake of metre, I have substituted our familiar Hebrew equivalent, Beelzebub—or, more correctly, *Baalzebub*. "Destroyer" and Liar, or "Father of Lies," are also familiar to us as *Abaddon* and *Satan*. Faust must be supposed to accept the orders of the infernal hierarchy, as given in the cabalistic writings, whence his endeavour to identify the particular fiend whom he has invoked.

30. *I am the Spirit that Denies.*

In declaring himself, first, to be part of that power "which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good," Mephistopheles is unexpectedly frank. His expression coincides exactly with the declaration of The Lord, as to the service he is obliged to perform.

In the passage which follows, he is equally honest, and the above line clearly describes the part which he plays, from beginning to end. He is the spirit of Negation, and his being exists through opposition to the positive Truth, and Order, and Beauty, which proceed from the never-ending creative energy of the Deity. The masks which we find him assuming in the Second Part of *Faust* are all explained by this necessity of Negation. His irreverence and irony are not only a part of his nature, but they are further increased by the impotence of his efforts—which he freely admits in the following passages—to disturb the Divine system.

Mephistopheles draws his theory of the primeval darkness from the Theogony of Hesiod. His reference to "bodies" shows that he understands the physical and spiritual identity of light and life. Since we have seen that, in Widmann's *Faust-book*, he prohibits to Faust the reading of the Gospel of John, we may surmise a connection between his hostility to light and these verses from the first chapter of that Gospel:—

"In him was life ; and the life was the light of men.

"And the light shineth in darkness ; and the darkness comprehended it not."

31. *The wizard's foot, that on your threshold made is.*

In the original, *Drudenfuss*. *Drud*, from one root with *Druid*, was the old German word for "wizard." The wizard's-foot, or pentagram, was supposed to possess an especial potency against evil spirits. It is simply a five-rayed star, thus :—



Its efficacy undoubtedly sprang from the circumstance that it resolves itself into three triangles, and is thus a triple symbol of the Trinity. Paracelsus ascribes a similar, though a lesser, degree of virtue to the *hexagram*. Another peculiarity of the pentagram is, that it may be drawn complete from one point, without lifting the pencil, and therefore belongs to those *involuntary* hieroglyphics which we sometimes make, in moments of abstraction.

32. SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

This remarkable chant is known in Germany (Goethe himself being, I believe, the first to so designate it) as the *Einschlüferungslied*, or Lullaby. It is one of the few things in the work which have proved to be a little too much for the commentators, and they have generally let it alone. By dropping all philosophical theories, however, and applying to it only the conditions of Poetic Art, we shall find it easily comprehensible. Faust is hardly aware

(although Mephistopheles *is*) that a part of his almost despairing impatience springs from the lack of all enjoyment of physical life; and the first business of these attendant spirits is to unfold before his enchanted eyes a series of dim, dissolving views—sweet, formless, fantastic, and thus all the more dangerously alluring—of sensuous delight. The pictures are blurred, as in a semi-dream: they present nothing positive, upon which Faust's mind could fix, or by which it might be startled: but they leave an impression behind, which gradually works itself into form. The echo of the wild, weird, interlinked melody remains in his soul, and he is not supposed to be conscious of its operation, even when, in the following scene, he exclaims to Mephistopheles:—

“ Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervours of glowing passion ! ”

The rhythmical translation of this song—which, without the original rhythm and rhyme, would lose nearly all its value—is a head and heart breaking task. I can only say that, after returning to it again and again, during a period of six years, I can offer nothing better.

33. *I come, a squire of high degree.*

The word *Junker*, which Mephistopheles uses, corresponds exactly with “squire,” as a term of chivalry. In the text of the puppet-play, when he makes his appearance the second time, he is described as *wohlgekleidet*—respectably dressed. His costume on the puppet-stage was a red tunic, under a long mantle of black silk, and a cock's-feather in

his hat. Goethe purposely retains this costume, because it is sufficiently appropriate to his conception of the character, which he expressly declares is too negative to be *daimonic*.

34. *This life of earth, whatever my attire,
Would pain me in its wonted fashion.*

The first fragment of the *Paralipomena* possibly belongs here, although there is also a place for it towards the close of the scene. In the following lines, omitted alike in the editions of 1790 and 1808, Mephistopheles continues to advise a change of costume :—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When with externals thou art well endowed,
All will around thee flock, and flatter ;
A chap who's not a little vain or proud,
Had better hang, and end the matter.

I have not been able to find any evidence concerning the date of these rejected passages of *Faust*.

35. CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Faust's curse, which includes even the sentiment of childish faith that overcame him on the Easter morning, places him, unconsciously, in the power of Mephistopheles. The Chorus of Spirits indicates, in a few powerful lines, his rupture with the order of life. The first words of Mephistopheles which follow, would lead the reader to suppose that the spirits were infernal, and thus a singular discrepancy between their character and their expressions is

implied. In Leutbecher's work, however, I find a hint of what I believe to be the true intention of this Chorus. He says: "The pure spirits who direct the harmonies of existence lament over his (Faust's) step, and encourage him to commence another and fairer career. But Mephistopheles calls these voices precociously shrewd, and proposes the conditions of his compact, promising delights which, in advance, appear worthless to Faust." The lament is certainly not ironical.

36. *When thus I hail the Moment flying:*
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"

Here Faust becomes earnest and definite. The one moment of supreme contentment is for him a symbol of endless capacity for happiness. The wager with Mephistopheles rests upon this couplet, which the reader must bear in his memory until he meets with it again, at the close of the Second Part.

There is no condition of this nature in the Faust-legends. The compact there is, that Faust shall have whatever he desires for the term of twenty-four years, when he passes body and soul, into the power of Mephistopheles. The only slight resemblance to this passage, in any of the various versions, may be found in the Augsburg play, where Mephistopheles says: "Faust, have I not said to thee, thou canst thyself break the hour-glass of thy time? Thou hast done it in this moment."

37. *Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day.*

Mephistopheles refers to the inauguration feast, given on taking a degree.

38. *Encheiresin naturæ, this Chemistry names.*

With the introduction of the Student (whom we shall meet again, in the Second Part, as *Baccalaureus*), Mephistopheles not only assumes the mantle of Faust, but Goethe also assumes the mask of Mephistopheles. The episode, which is wholly his own invention, was written during his intercourse with Merck, and while his experience of academic teaching was still fresh and far from edifying.

The "Spanish boots," of which Mephistopheles speaks, were instruments of torture used in the Middle Ages. They were cases of wood, into which wedges were driven until the calves of the victim's legs were compressed into the smallest possible space.

The phrase *encheiresin naturæ* signifies, properly, "a treatment of Nature." Here, however, Goethe seems rather to indicate the mysterious, elusive force by which Nature operates.

39. *The little world, and then the great, we'll see.*

The programme of both parts of *Faust* is given in this line. No reference to the cabalistic Microcosm and Macrocosm is intended: "the little world" is here Faust's individual experience of human desires and passions. "The great world" is life on a broader stage of action; the narrow interests of the individual are merged in those of the race; and Government, War, activity on a grand scale and for universal, permanent ends, succeed, in order that Faust's knowledge of the life of man shall be rounded into completeness. The Second Part of the work is devoted to this latter experience.

40. *I feel so small before others, and thence
Should always find embarrassments.*

The following passage is the second of the *Paralipomena*, and was undoubtedly designed as an answer to the above lines. It seems to have been written at a later period, and we may conjecture that Goethe omitted the lines because they are not in accord with the manner of Mephistopheles throughout the scene:—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Learn then from me to meet Society !
I come, both cheerful and collected,
And every heart is well-affected ;
I laugh, and each one laughs with me.
Rely, like me, upon your own pretences ;
There's something to be dared, you must reflect :
For even women easily forgive offences,
If one respectfully forgets respect.
Not in divining-rods nor mandrake tragic,
But in good-humour lies the best of magic :
If I'm in unison with all,
I do not see how trouble could befall.
Then to the work, and show no hesitation !
I only dread the preparation.

41. AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

The locality of this scene possesses a double interest, through its connection with the early Faust-legend and with the academic years of the young Goethe. If the stranger who visits Leipzig will seek the large, ancient house, No. 1, *Grimmaische Strasse*, near the Market-Place,

the sign "AUERBACHS KELLER," nearly on a level with the sidewalk, will guide him down into the two vaulted chambers which have echoed to the wit and song and revelry of four centuries of jolly companions. He may still take Faust's and Goethe's place, at the head of the table in the farther room, order his wine from the seventieth or eightieth successor of the original landlord, and, while awaiting the preparation of some old-fashioned dish, study the two curious paintings, which have filled semi-circular spaces under the arches perhaps since the year 1525.

Legends of Faust are as plentiful in Germany as those of kobolds or subterranean emperors; but these pictures, I believe, are the only local records left to our day.

42. *Soar up, Soar up, Dame Nightingale.*

The couplet which Frosch sings belongs to several of the early songs of the people. The "Message of Love," written in 1639, commences:—

"Soar up, Dame Nightingale, speed high,
And to my sweetheart's window fly!"

Another song, of the same period, has these lines:—

"Dame Nightingale, Dame Nightingale,
Many thousand times my sweetheart hail!"

The term "Dame Nightingale" was first used by the Minnesingers as early as the eleventh century, and has been perpetuated in the popular songs and ballads. The second fragment which Frosch sings, to annoy Siebel (who has

been jilted and resents these strains of love), appears to be Goethe's.

43. *No doubt 'twas late when you from Rippach started ?*

Now draw the stoppers and drink your fill !

Rippach is the last post-station before reaching Leipzig, on the road from Weissenfels. The remark of Frosch is a part of the "chaff" with which the older *Burschen* were accustomed to entertain the *Foxes*, or Freshmen. "Hans von Rippach" is a slang name, denoting a coarse, awkward, boorish fellow,—in fact, an equivalent for the Scotch *Sawney*, as it is used in some localities. By hinting that Faust and Mephistopheles have been supping with Hans von Rippach, Frosch takes a delicate way of saying that they are ignorant country clowns, in comparison with the refined Parisians of Leipzig.

Goethe took the specimen of jugglery from the legend, where, however, it is not performed by Mephistopheles but by Faust.

44. *Witches' Kitchen.*

Neither this scene nor the Walpurgis-Night (Scene **xxi.**) has any connection with the Faust-legend. The chief motive of the Witches' Kitchen is, of course, the passional rejuvenation of Faust, as introductory to the episode of Margaret ; but Goethe, with a wilful spirit, not unfrequently manifested in his life and writings, seems to have also designed burlesquing the machinery of witchcraft and its use in literature.

There has been a great deal of not very important discussion as to the meaning of the word *Meerkatze*. It has been translated "Monkey," "Baboon," "Cat-Ape," "Cat," and "Little Ring-tailed Monkey." I follow Mephistopheles, himself, in using the word "Ape" (*Wie glücklich würde sich der Affe schätzen!*), which will answer as well as any other for those who insist on symbolism. Goethe probably took his *Meerkatzen* from the legend of Reineke Fuchs, wherein they are introduced.

45. *Full thirty years from my existence.*

There is here an apparent contradiction between the age of Faust and that which is implied in the first scene. The deduction of thirty years, we must suppose, should leave him as a youth of twenty, to begin his new experience of life; yet we can hardly imagine the man who has been teaching for only ten years, and has barely attained his Doctor's degree, to be more than thirty-five. Düntzer thinks this is an oversight of Goethe, arising from the long interval between the composition of the two scenes.

45.* *Wert thou the thief.*

The art of divination by means of a sieve (*koskinomancy*) was known to the ancients: it is mentioned in the third idyl of Theocritus. In the life of Campanella—the Dominican monk, with whose work, *De Sensu Rerum*, Goethe appears to have been acquainted—the following

story occurs:—"Some boys had lost a mantle, and in order to find out whither it had taken its flight, they hung up a sieve by the middle on a peg, and then uttered the words, 'In the name of St. Peter and in the name of St. Paul, has not so and so stolen the mantle?' They went over a number of names in the same manner, but the sieve remained immovable, till they pronounced the name of Flavius, and then it began to wheel round about. Campanella, who saw it, was much astonished, and prayed with the boys that God would not suffer them to be blinded by the devil; and, on making the trial again, as soon as the name of Flavius was pronounced, it began to wheel round about in a circle."—*Adelung*, Blackie's translation.

46. *This is the Witch's once-one's-ne!*

The common schoolboy term for the multiplication-table in Germany is *Einmaleins*, from its commencement, *Einmal eins ist eins*—once one is one! The jargon which the witch declaims from the book is nothing but a nonsensical parody of the cabalistic formula of the Middle Ages, wherein mystical properties are attributed to numbers.

In the *Paralipomena*, there is a verse which is generally attributed to the omitted Disputation, yet which seems more appropriate in this place. Mephistopheles says (apparently to Faust):—

Now, once for all, mark this, I pray—
A maxim weighty for thine actions!
No mystery the numbers here convey,
Yet there's a great one in the fractions.

47. MARGARET.

We now take leave of the original Faust-legend, which will not again be encountered until the appearance of Helena, in the Second Part. The episode of Margaret is Goethe's own creation, from beginning to end, and here, even more than in the first monologue of Faust, he "delt in his own breast" for the passion which he represents. Margaret is drawn partly from her namesake, whom Goethe, as a boy of sixteen, imagined he loved ; and partly from his betrothed, Lili (Anna Elizabeth Schöнемann, the daughter of a banker in Frankfurt), for whom he felt probably the strongest love of his life, at the time these scenes of his *Faust* were written.

48. *In Padua, buried, he is lying,
Beside the good Saint Antony.*

If this is anything more than a random statement of Mephistopheles, the irony is neither keen nor especially important. The Saint is not the Antony of the Desert and the temptations and the Irish ballad, but Antonio of Padua, a relative of Godfrey of Bouillon. He was born in Lisbon in 1195, preached with such fervour that even the fishes rose to the surface of the sea to listen to him, and died in Padua in 1231. The splendid basilica in which his ashes rest was not completed until two centuries later. His chapel, with its *alti rilievi* by Lombardi, Sansovino, and others, still attracts the student of art.

Interments within the walls of cathedrals and churches in Italy were not prohibited until the year 1809.

49. *For thou art right, especially since I must,*

Faust, in this line, admits his dependence on the aid of Mephistopheles, and the necessity of giving false testimony in order to procure an interview with Margaret. No change in the character of his passion is implied.

There is a passage in the *Paralipomena* which seems naturally to belong here, although some of the German commentators have given it a different place. Mephistopheles says, apparently after Faust's departure, when he has impatiently spoken the above line :—

'Tis hard indeed, the younker's ways commanding ;
 Yet, as his tutor, I've no fear
 I shall not rule the madcap, notwithstanding,
 And nothing else concerns me here.
 His own desires I let him follow slowly,
 That mine, as well, may be accomplished wholly.
 Much do I talk, yet always leave him free ;
 If what he does should quite too stupid be,
 My wisdom, then, must make a revelation,
 And I must drag him forth, as by the hair ;
 Yet, while one strives the folly to repair,
 One gives for other folly fresh occasion.

50. *She plucks a star-flower.*

The original, *sternblume*, may mean either a china-aster, a star-of-Bethlehem, a variety of primrose or of jonquil. Various modes of amorous divination by means of flowers were known to the ancients (one of them is mentioned by Theocritus), and the Minnesinger, Walther von der

Volgelweide, describes a very similar method of ascertaining whether a lover's affection is returned. The single daisy (*Gänseblümchen* in German) is sometimes used for the same purpose; but it is a garden-flower, of course, which Margaret plucks.

51. *It's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry.*

The effect of a double negative in German is precisely the same as in English, and it belongs equally to the vulgar dialect. Goethe introduces it intentionally here as well as in Scene XVI., where Margaret says, speaking of Mephistopheles: "One sees that in nothing no interest he hath." I have not felt at liberty to correct these purposed inelegancies, as most translators have done. They are trifling touches, it is true, but they belong to the author's design.

52. *"Were I a little bird!" so runs her song.*

This is an old song of the people in Germany. Herder published it in his *Volkslieder*, in 1779; but it was no doubt already familiar to Goethe in his childhood.

53. *And we'll scatter chaff before her door.*

The word *häckerling* signifies either chaff or chopped straw. The old German custom, which is still observed in some parts of the country, allowed the bridal wreath only to chaste maidens. If one of sullied reputation ventured

to assume it, the wreath was torn from her head, and sometimes replaced with one of straw, while on the eve of the marriage chaff, or chopped straw, was scattered before her door. A widow who marries again is allowed to wear a wreath, but not the myrtle of the maiden bride.

Church-penance for unchastity was also formerly common in England. In Germany the guilty person was obliged to kneel before the altar, clad in a "sinner's shift," while the clergyman severely rated her conduct, and read her petition for pardon.

54. DONJON.

The word *Zwinger*, which Goethe uses, corresponds to our "stronghold" or "donjon keep," but is also sometimes applied to the open angular space between the wall of a town and one of the fortified gates. Goethe seems to use the word in the latter sense. The shrine of a saint was frequently placed in the re-entering angle, between which and the city-wall there would be a partly enclosed space. Mephistopheles represents Margaret as watching the clouds "over the old city-wall," from her window, whence her home must have been in the street nearest to it, and the shrine of the *Mater Dolorosa*, being close at hand, would become her accustomed place of prayer. I have followed all other translators in using the word *donjon*, simply because we have no English word to describe the locality.

55. *Saw splendid lion-dollars in't.*

The remark of Faust refers, apparently, to some buried treasure which Mephistopheles has promised to raise for

him. "Lion-dollars" are of Dutch coinage, and so called both from the city of the Louvain (in German, *Löwen*—lion), in Brabant, where they were first struck, and from the figure of a lion on the obverse. They are also sometimes named "Brabanters." A few specimens are still occasionally seen in Germany: their value is about eighty-five cents. Hayward is mistaken in saying that the lion-dollar is a Bohemian coin.

56. *Rat-catching piper, thou!*

Browning's poem of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is so well-known that I need not give the old German legend to which Valentine's exclamation refers. Goethe's song, *Der Rattenfänger*, expresses still more clearly the meaning which he attaches to the phrase. The man who charms innocent maidens by his seductive arts, even as the piper by the notes of his magical pipe charmed the rats of Hamelin, is a rat-catcher.

57. *Dies iræ, dies illa.*

Goethe has elsewhere acknowledged the powerful impression which this old Latin chant made upon himself. Some have attributed its authorship to Gregory the Great, and others to Bernhard of Clairvaux; but the scholars seem now to be generally agreed that it is not of later origin than the thirteenth century, and that Thomas of Celano was probably its author. It was accepted by the Roman Church, as one of the *sequentia* of the requiem, before the

year 1385. The original text is engraved upon a marble tablet in the church of St. Francesco in Mantua. The present form of the chant is supposed to have been given by Felix Hämmerlin (in the early part of the fifteenth century), who omitted the former opening stanzas, and added some others at the close. In this form it has appeared in the Catholic missals, since the Council of Trent. The chant has been translated upwards of seventy times into German, and fifteen times into English.

58. *Neighbour ! your cordial !*

The original word, *Fläschchen*, means simply a phial ; but it is evidently the neighbour's pocket-flagon of smelling-salts for which Margaret asks. In most of the English versions we find "smelling-bottle," but Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, in his "Historic Survey of German Poetry" (London, 1830), says "Your Dram-bottle !"

59. WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

The title and character of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of the Brocken, on the night between April 30 and May 1, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of Saints Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the eighth century. She died as abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith, became one of the most popular saints, not only in

Germany, but also in Holland and England. The first of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken—or Blocksberg—naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary. The superstition probably grew from the circumstance that the Druidic rites were celebrated by night, and secretly, as their followers became few.

60. *How raves the tempest through the air !*

The word which I have translated “tempest,” is *Windsbraut* (wind’s-bride) in the original. It is the word employed by Luther, in his translation of the Bible, for the italicised words in the following verse from Acts (xxvii. 14): “But not long after there arose against it a *tempestuous wind*, called Euroclydon.” A sudden and violent storm is still called *Windsbraut* by the common people, in some parts of Germany.

61. *Sir Urian sits over all.*

Sir Urian is a name which was formerly used to designate an unknown person, or one whose name, even if known, it was not thought proper to mention. In this sense it was sometimes applied to the Devil. In the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the unprincipled Prince of Punturtois is called Urian.

62. *Alone, old Baubo's coming now.*

Baubo, in the Grecian myths, was the old nurse of Demeter, or Ceres; who, when the latter was plunged in grief for the loss of Persephone, endeavoured to divert her by indecent stories and actions, and thus, finally, provoked her to laughter. Goethe, therefore, makes her symbolise the gross, shameless sensuality, which, according to all popular traditions, characterised the congregations of the witches, wizards, and devils.

63. *Make room ! Squire Volland comes !*

“In the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we frequently meet with the word *Válant* as a designation of the Devil. In Berthold's Diary we find the Evil One once named as *Squire Volland*—in the play of ‘Frau Jutta’ as the *Evil Volland*. The word means either ‘seducer’ or ‘the Wicked One.’”—*Düntzer*.

64. MEPHISTOPHELES (*who all at once appears very old*).

The remaining fragments (*Paralipomena*) which belong to the Walpurgis-Night may properly be given here :—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though but a bagpipe, give us music ! Haste !
We have, like many noble fellows,
Much appetite and little taste.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The piper famous
Of Hamelin, also mine old friend,
The dear rat-catcher who can tame us,
How goes—

THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELIN.

I'm very well indeed, I thank you ;
I am a hale and well-fed man,
Of twelve Philanthropines the patron,
And therewithal [*a charlatan*].

65. *Adam's first wife is she.*

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says, "The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."

The name, from the Hebrew root, *Lil*, darkness, signifies *the Nocturnal*. The word occurs in Isaiah (xxxiv. 14) ; in the Vulgate it is translated *Lamia*, in Luther's Bible *Kobold*, and in our English version *screech-owl*. According to the Rabbinical writings, Lilith was created at the same time with Adam, in such a manner that he and she were joined together by the back, as it is written, "male and female created He them, and called their name Adam." In this condition they did not agree at all, but quarrelled and tore each other continually. Then the Lord repented that he had made them so, and separated them into two independent bodies ; but even thus they would not live in peace ; and when Lilith devoted herself to witchcraft and courted the society of Devils, Adam left her altogether. A new wife, Eve, was afterwards created, to compensate him for his domestic misfortune.

Lilith is described as having beautiful hair, in the meshes of which lurk a multitude of evil spirits. She has such power over infants—for eight days after birth for boys, and twenty days for girls—that she is able to cause their death. It was therefore the custom to hang an amulet, inscribed with the names of the angels Senoi, Sansenoi, and Sanmangeloph, around the child's neck at birth; and from the Latin exorcism *Lilla abi!* sung by the mother, some have derived our word *Lullaby*, although it has also a more obvious derivation. Lilith was equally a seductress of young men, using her golden hair as a lure to captivate them; but the youth who loved her always died, and after his death a single hair from her head was found twisted around his heart. Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti has embodied this tradition in a fine sonnet.

66. PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

In Goethe's original manuscript and in the first edition of *Faust* this name is given as "Broktophantasmist," as in Shelley's English and Stapfer's French version. The mistake was therefore Goethe's and not theirs, as later translators have charged. The word (from *πρωκτός*, the buttocks) points so directly to Friedrich Nicolai, the Berlin author and publisher, that there is no difficulty in interpreting Goethe's satire.

67. *We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.*

Nicolai's arrogant manner is parodied in this passage. Since *he* does not believe in the spirits, it is incredible that

they will not vanish. His annoyance at their appearance in Tegel—a small castle, a few miles north-west of Berlin, originally built as a hunting-lodge by the Elector of Brandenburg, and more recently known as the home and burial-place of Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt—is explained by the circumstance that in 1797 apparitions were declared to have visited the castle. So much excitement was created by the report, that an official visit to Tegel was made by the authorities, and attempts were instituted, but without success, to discover the cause of the ghostly sights and sounds.

68. *A red mouse from her mouth.*

Goethe here refers to an old superstition concerning one of the many forms of diabolical possession.

69. *The Prater shows no livelier stir.*

The Prater (from the Latin *pratium*, a meadow) is the famous public park of Vienna, which the Emperor Joseph II. dedicated "To the Human Race." It is an island enclosed by arms of the Danube, covered with a fine forest, which is intersected in all directions by magnificent drives and walks. On holidays, Sunday afternoons, and pleasant summer evenings, half the population of Vienna may be found in the Prater, which is one of the liveliest and cheerfulest places of recreation in Europe.

70. *SERVIBILIS.*

This term corresponds to the "supernumerary" of our theatres.

71. OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

This *Intermezzo* had no place in the original plan of *Faust*, and Schiller is chiefly responsible for its insertion.

72. *Sons of Mieding, rest to-day.*

Mieding was a theatre-decorator at Weimar, and a great favourite of Goethe and the Ducal Court. After his death, in 1782, Goethe celebrated him in the poem, "Mieding's Death."

73. ARIEL.

Ariel is called from the "Tempest" to join his fellow-elves. Here he evidently represents Poetry,—the pure element, above and untouched by the fashions of the day.

74. A LITTLE COUPLE.

Hartung thinks the Counts Stolberg are the couple ; but this is improbable, since they are afterwards introduced as the Weathercock. Düntzer asserts that the verse represents the union of bad music and commonplace poetry.

75. INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

This is Nicolai, in another mask. The meaning of his reference to Oberon is not very clear, unless the latter represents the classic school. When he speaks the second time in this *Intermezzo* the Inquisitive Traveller describes himself much more distinctly.

76. ORTHODOX.

Here speaks the class of bigots who persecuted Lessing, assailed Klopstock and Goethe, and declared Schiller's splendid poem, "The Gods of Greece," to be "a combination of the most outrageous idolatry and the dreariest atheism." This phrase is from Count Friedrich Stolberg, who became one of the mouth-pieces of the sect. His attack is thus answered in the *Xenien* :—

"When thou the Gods of Greece blasphemed, then cast thee
 Apollo
Down from Parnassus ; and now goest thou to Heaven
instead."

77. NORTHERN ARTIST.

Some suppose this to be the Danish artist Carstens, who died in Rome, in 1798 ; others select Fernow, a writer on art, who spent some years in Rome with Carstens ; others again insist that it is Goethe himself. Inasmuch as the point made in the verse has become very obscure, and was probably not originally brilliant, the reader may take his choice of these conjectures.

78. WEATHERCOCK.

Undoubtedly the Counts Stolberg.

79. XENIES.

The word signifies gifts, presented to a visitor. After their publication in the *Musen Almanach*, the storm which

arose against them became so furious that they were denounced in some quarters as having been directly inspired by the Devil. Hence the allusion to "Papa Satan."

80. HENNINGS.

The Danish Chamberlain, Friedrich Von Hennings, in his literary journal, the "Genius of the Age," attacked Goethe and Schiller.

The first verse parodies his abuse of Goethe and Schiller; the second hints that he would be more at home among Blocksberg witches than as a leader of the Muses; and the third satirises his practice of giving a place on the German Parnassus to such authors as flattered him by an obsequious respect for his critical views.

81. CRANE.

"Lavater was a thoroughly good man, but he was subjected to powerful illusions, and the severe and total truth was not his concern: he deceived himself and others. . . . His gait was like that of a crane, for which reason he appears as the Crane on the Blocksberg." — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1829.

82. WORLDLING.

Weltkind, literally "world-child," a term which Goethe applies to himself in his epigrammatic poem.

83. IDEALIST.

It is generally admitted that this is Fichte, who, to borrow the words of a German commentator, "comprehended the Not-Me itself as a product of the self-determined Me, and not as something existing externally to the Me." When Goethe heard that a company of riotous students had collected before Fichte's house and smashed his windows in with stones, he remarked that Fichte might now convince himself, in the most disagreeable way, that it was possible "for a Not-Me to exist, externally to the Me."

84. *And all is dissipated.*

The transition from this *Intermezzo* to the succeeding scene of *Faust* is too violent, and we cannot help wishing that the course of the drama had not been thus interrupted. Goethe, however, not only projected, but partly wrote an additional scene, devoted exclusively to the pure diabolism of the mediæval traditions. While we must admit that a correct instinct led him to withhold it, we still must feel that an intermediate scene is necessary. The gap which we recognise was felt by the author, whose work was produced at long intervals of time, and in fragments, the character of which was determined by his moods of mind. But he always preferred an abrupt chasm to an unsatisfactory bridge.

The projected scene is generally styled "The Brocken Scene" by the German commentators, although Hartung takes the liberty of calling it "The Court of Satan." I translate it (with the exception of one short passage)

precisely as it is given in the *Paralipomena*, with its rapid short-hand outlines, its incomplete dialogues and omitted lines, and leave all comment to the reader :—

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

A HIGHER REGION.

After the Intermezzo : Solitude, Desert, blasts of trumpets. Lightning, thunder from above. Columns of fire, stifling smoke. Rock projecting therefrom : 'tis Satan. Much people around : delay : means of pressing through : injury : cries. Chant : they stand in the inner circle : the heat almost insupportable. Who stands next in the circle. Satan's address : presentations : investitures. Sinking of the apparition. Volcano. Disorderly dissolution, breaking and storming away.

SUMMIT OF THE BROCKEN.

SATAN *on his Throne. A Crowd of People around.* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *in the nearest circle.*

SATAN (*speaking from the throne*).

The goats to the left hand,
The bucks to the right !
The goats, they have scented
The bucks with delight :
And though in their nostrils
The sense were increased,
The goats would endure it,
Nor shrink in the least.

CHORUS. Fall down on your faces,
Your Master adore !
He teaches the people,
With pleasure, his lore.
To his oracles hearken :

He'll show you the clews
To the endless existence
That Nature renews !

SATAN (*turning to the right*).

Two things are before you,
Both splendid and grand ;
The glittering gold

The one is purveyor,
The other devours ;
Then blest, who possesses
Together their powers !

A VOICE. What says then the Master ?
Remote from his station,
I catch not so clearly
The precious oration.
I cannot detect them,
The beautiful clews,
Nor see the existence
That Nature renews !

SATAN (*turning to the left*).

Two things are before you
Of brilliancy clear :
The glittering gold

Then learn, all ye women,
Through gold to enjoy

CHORUS. Fall down on your faces,
Adoringly stirred !
O blest, who is nearest
And heareth the word !

A VOICE. I stand at a distance
And listen so steady,
Yet many a word has
Escaped me already.

Who'll clearly repeat them?
 Who'll show me the clews
 To the endless existence
 That Nature renews?

MEPHIS. (*to a young witch*).
 Why weep'st thou, lovely little dear?
 'Tis not the place to shed a tear.
 Hast thou been in the crowd too rudely pushed and
 penned?

MAIDEN. Ah, no! The Master speaks so singular

And all are so delighted, it appears;
 Perhaps the great ones, only, comprehend?

MEPHIS. But, sweetheart, come now, dry thy tears,
 So that the Devil's meaning reach thine ears,

SATAN. Ye young ones before us
 To stand ye are bidden;
 I see that on broomsticks
 Ye hither have ridden:

SEPARATE AUDIENCES.

X. Let me attain to that—
 The power whereto thou knowest me aspirant,
 Then gratefully, though born a Democrat,
 I'll kiss thy hoofs no less, O Tyrant!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. The hoofs! but once may
 that befall:

Thou must make up thy mind to go still further.

X. What, then, requires the ritual?

SATAN. Vassal, thou tested art!
 Now o'er a million souls thy freehold reaches:
 He who can praise like thee the Devil's—
 Shall never lack in sycophantic speeches.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BROCKEN.

LOWER REGION

Vision of Judgment. Crowd. They climb a tree. Remarks of the people. On burning soil. The Idol naked. The hands bound on the back.

CHANT. Where hot and fresh flows human blood,
For magic spells the reek is good.
The brotherhood, both black and gray,
Wins power for works that shun the day.
What hints of blood, we most require ;
What spills it, answers our desire.
Round fire and blood a measure tread !
For now in fire shall blood be shed.

The wench she points, we know the sign.
The toper drinks, 'tis blood, not wine.
The look, the drink, end what's begun ;
The dagger's bare, the deed is done.
Flows ne'er alone a fount of blood,
But other streamlets join the flood :
From place to place they gush and glide,
And gather more to swell the tide.

The head falls off : the blood leaps and extinguishes the fire.
Night. Tumult. Chattering of Devil's changelings. Thereby Faust learns.

Some of the German commentators suppose that the "black and gray brotherhood" of this concluding chant means the Franciscan and Dominican monastic orders, and therefore that the fragment refers directly to the Inquisition. Düntzer asserts that the heading, "Another Part of the Brocken," indicates that this is a separate outline for the whole scene, intended as a substitute for the foregoing fragments, not as a continuation of them.

85. THE RAVENSTONE.

The "Ravenstone" is the old German word for a place of execution. Byron probably remembered the expression, from Shelley's oral translation, when he wrote, in a rejected chorus of the "Deformed Transformed":—

" The raven sits
On the raven-stone."

86. *My mother, the harlot.*

The song which Margaret sings is a variation of one in the Low German dialect, in a story called the *Machandel-Boom* (The Juniper-Tree; the English translator, mistaking *Machandel* for *Mandel*, renders it "almond-tree"), included by the brothers Grimm in their well-known collection of popular fairy lore.

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